

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1859.

THE "TRY COMPANY."

A GENTLEMAN who was riding in the cars, noticed a bright little fellow, between five and six years of age, sitting with his father and mother, and engaged in the attempt to unloose the knot in a string that bound a small parcel. The knot had become well compacted, and the child's tiny fingers seemed to make no impression thereon. The patient earnestness of the little fellow was contrasted with the apparent indifference of his parents, who looked on, but made no attempt to assist him. At last the gentleman, whose sympathies with children were warm, could bear the sight no longer; so, partly to help the child, and partly to rebuke the parents, he took out his knife, and handing it to the boy, said,

"Here, my little fellow, try the virtue of a sharp blade. You can't untie the knot!"

Something to his surprise, the knife was not taken; but, instead, the child answered, with a smile,

"Please, sir, Father don't allow me to say I can't. I belong to the 'TRY COMPANY.'"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, drawing back his hand. "I never heard of that company before."

"Oh, I've always belonged to it. Haven't I, Father?"

And the child turned with an expression of loving confidence in his face, towards his father.

"He's a worthy member of that excellent association, sir," remarked the father, now

speaking to the gentleman, and smiling in a pleased way.

"Ah! I understand you!" Light was breaking in upon his mind. "This is a part of your discipline. You never permit your little boy to say I can't."

"But, instead, 'I'll try, sir.'"

"Excellent," said the gentleman. "Excellent! Here is the way that men are made. It is the everlasting 'I can't,' that is dwarfing the energies of thousands upon thousands all over the land. A feeble effort is made to overcome some difficulty, and then the arms fall wearily, and the task is abandoned."

"And who is most to blame for this?" was inquired.

"Parents," was the unhesitating reply.

"Parents who fail to cultivate patience and perseverance in their children. Parents who carry them when they should let them walk, even though their feet may be weary. I see it all as clear as light, and see my own fault at the same time. I cut the knot of difficulties for my children every day, instead of requiring them to loosen it themselves. But, sir, they shall join the 'Try Company' after this. I'll have no more knot cutting in my house."

How is it with you, reader, child or man? Are you a member of the "Try Company?" If not, and you have any ambition to be something more than a drone in the hive, join it at once; and from this time forth, never let the words, "I can't," find a place on your lips.

THE FIRELIGHT ON THE WALL.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

WHEN the shadows of night have mantled
The breast of the dark brown earth,
And only the gleam of the firelight
Shines from my lonely hearth,
I cross my hands on my bosom,
And watch, on my chamber wall,
How, backward and forward dancing,
The lights and shadows fall!

All day on my weary pillow,
Tossing with fever and pain,
I have hated the glaring sunshine,
And longed for the dusk again;
Longed for the sweet, full calmness
That comes like a mother's hand,
And leads me tenderly, gently,
Into the twilight land.

'Tis then that I watch for the shadows,
And call them fantastic names;
Now—troops of merry dancers,
Now—children playing games;

Anon a weird procession
Winds up the darkened wall,
Priest—Knight—and lovely lady,
With their banners over all.

Soon on the ceiling, glowing,
A feathered Palm-tree stands,
And I picture the well in the desert,
In far-off Eastern lands,
With the long necks of the camels,
And their turban'd riders by,
Their bivouac fires, their flashing arms,
And the tranquil, starry sky.

Anon the old Crusaders
Ride proudly o'er the plain;
I see their crosses gleaming bright,
I hear their martial strain;
And wrapped in delightful visions,
I people the fire-light deep,
Till the pain, and the fever, and watching,
Are lost in a soothing sleep!

WHAT IF?

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

WHAT if the skies, so blue in time ago,
Are dim and dusky with the shades of wo,
Of broken hopes, and crushed and faded dreams,
And through the sombre rifts no starlight beams
In the soul's nunnery, so deep and dim,
To light the pathway sloping to the rim
Of the black river, fathomless and still,
Darkling at the base of Time's thorny hill!
What if no blooms upon life's border glow,
And breathe their sweet breath on us as we go
Down to the water's edge, and no warm rays
Of sunshine glimmer through the cloudy days,
O'er the heart's garden, dripping with the tears

(70)

Shed in the shadows of the Spring-time years!
Life's longest tale of sorrows is soon told,
And time is but the college of the soul;
The Spring flowers of the heart may droop and
brown,
And the rude winds of anguish shake them down,
And sorrow's Winter sift its cold, cold snows
Above the struggling spirit's withering rose;
But soon, ah, soon, the soft doxology
Of life's December will drift over thee,
And there'll be Spring-time, where no chill nor
gloom
Can reach the roses of perennial bloom!
Alexandria, Va.

TWO EVENINGS WITH MRS. HILL.

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

EVENING FIRST.

"If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who have our envy now."

It was an October night, beautiful and starlit. Shadow and sheen chequered the lawn; crimson leaves were eddying to and fro in the chilly air, finding their place in the coronet that was wreathing for Autumn's brow.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill sat in the library—a delicious room, with wainscoted walls, and bay windows, dark, richly-carved furniture, books *ad infinitum*, glass cases with stuffed birds, rare curiosities, *et cetera*.

Mr. Hill had given several of his earlier years to science and travel, and his home, especially its favorite room, indicated the high mental and æsthetic culture which its owner had received. A cheerful wood fire lit up the Franklin stove, in accordance with Mr. Hill's taste, and a sense of comfort, peace, and quiet pervaded the room, very agreeable to Mrs. Hill, as, tired and over-worn, she sat rocking her fifth baby, which had gladdened, a few months before, the twelfth year of married life; very agreeable to Mr. Hill, as he sat in his arm chair, with his feet resting on an ottoman at a comfortable distance from the stove of his choice, following the great telegraphic line in its submarine passage from shore to shore—for that evening he had taken up a sheet published some weeks previously, illustrating the project with great amplitude.

Mrs. Hill's mind went back to moonlight walks and dreams in girlhood, on evenings very like the present; some had been shared with him sitting at her side, and some with other dear friends

"Now scattered, like roses in bloom,
Some at the bridal, some at the tomb."

Those were days of such pleasant freedom, of confidence unbetrayed, of hopes that seemed realities in the distance, wearing purple robes, and garlanded with fragrant flowers. But the baby tossed up his hands in impatient gesture, recalling the mother to a lullaby that had accompanied the gentle swaying of the rocking chair, and it went into the words:

"Oh, would I were a girl again!" not that

Mrs. Hill really wished it, but then, the dreaming so was pleasant.

"Ho-hum," said she, gaping involuntarily, as her husband was turning and opening the large quarto sheet in pursuit of his subject, "Ho, I'm so tired to-night; the children have been so cross, and Barbara has worried me all day in some way or other."

"Yes; they did have perilous times laying the cable; but what a great work, now it's done!" and so saying, the absent-minded gentleman gave his patent leathers a different position, raised the lamp shade a little, and settled back in the arm-chair with his subject.

Mrs. Hill had quite a mind to be jealous of the telegraph, but a cry from the nursery just then, diverted her attention; there she found that Master Georgy, the fourth claimant of parental care, had for some time been trying to staunch a bleeding at the nose, as sheets, pillows and counterpane testified. "Oh, well," thought she, as she looked at the soiled bed, and remembered Bridget's complaints about "such monst'rous washings," "this helps to keep up the order of the day."

In a little while Georgy was made comfortable, and as Mrs. Hill very cautiously turned the door-knob to pass out, number five admonished her that he still took cognizance of movable things by a shrill, "no," which had reference to her leaving the room. Georgy was again disturbed, and the one next older started up nervously, but hearing nothing more, both sank into slumber.

Another half hour, and Mrs. Hill was allowed to leave the nursery in quiet. Mr. Hill had laid down his paper; his wife sat a plate of grapes on the table, and resumed her seat.

Some remarks passed upon the fruit, &c.

"Why, how tired you look, Emily; what's been going on to-day; anything unusual?"

"We usually have enough for variety, between Bridget, and Barbara, and the children; and to-day I've felt nervous and irritable. Barbara has been fitting me a dress; and it was thread, or whalebones, or try on the waist, constantly. I don't want another dress very soon."

"Oh, well, Barbara wanted it to fit nicely; you can't blame her for that; but let's hear

all your troubles," said he, in a sympathizing tone.

"Well, don't laugh then;" her look of patient endurance varied by a faint smile; "I had preserves and pickles on the stove, and went to tell Barbara what kind of sleeves I would have, and must needs hear her opinions, and in the meantime Bridget put some light wood in the stove; so the first I knew, my preserves had boiled over, and ——"

"Too bad, wasn't it!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, with as much earnestness as if told that bank stock had depreciated; "but," said he, "you know Barbara is a poor, lone thing, without kith or kin who care a straw for her, so I'd try and humor her, for she's good help, I suppose, as a general thing."

"Bridget and the children have disagreed, too; she tries me so some days, I'm tempted to dismiss her."

"Well, I can see one cause for the whole difficulty," philosophized Mr. Hill, as he reached for another stem of the rich, purple fruit; "can't you!"

"What is it?" she asked, evading his question.

"You were over-worn; your nervous system taxed beyond what it could endure; so the cheerfulness and good humor that we all look for in you, were missing; well, the rest of them caught it, your spirit, children and all. I felt it myself, though in a very amiable mood, when I left the store. Why, ill-humor, I believe, is as contagious as the small-pox; I don't mean that you were ill-humored, but the effects were the same."

"What did you mean?" was the question very quietly spoken.

"Have some more grapes," said Mr. Hill, with a smile, selecting the nicest cluster left on the plate, and handing to his wife; "it is the better nature," he continued, "that ought always to hold away. I know you have a world of cares and labors, keeping up everything in such nice order, giving the children so much care, and doing a hundred things that some ladies in your position would never think of; but couldn't some of the less essential things be slighted, since your good nature is a positive necessity; you see when I have had trouble in business, forebodings of failure or insolvency, and felt goaded almost to desperation, it has been your voice, Emily, and your hopefulness, that has given me strength and courage; but now everything promises well in our trade; tide and wind have set in our favor again."

"I'm not holding up this picture for your benefit alone, Emily; I calculate to imitate it myself, but you know we rather look up to you in such matters; of all things, commend me to a happy, cheerful household; and our homes, of course, take their coloring from the spirit that pervades them, and the influence is reflected upon those around, just as 'face answereth to face in water.' I am glad that mine is a happy one; the song Sis is learning to play has the idea; something like this:

"For then if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!"

Mrs. Hill's eyes grew humid, but she felt wonderfully strengthened; a secret sorrow which loomed up in the distance between her heart and happiness, she had not yet named.

Many envied Mrs. Hill's social position, many coveted her surroundings of comfort and luxury, but all admitted the loveliness, the true brightness of her character.

And the Master. He, too, must have thought that in her heart, the Word had well nigh accomplished "that whereunto it was sent."

That night, in her wakeful moments, and at early dawn, there kept floating through her mind the injunction of Peter, "What manner of persons ought ye then to be?"

EVENING SECOND.

"There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

Mrs. Hill sat alone; her husband and eldest son had gone out to an evening lecture, but as the afternoon rain was hardly over, and the speaker was to be their guest, she declined going.

The remaining children were asleep—all domestic arrangements had been completed, and Mrs. Hill was looking over the evening mail, which had been laid in the library after Mr. Hill went out.

Soon Barbara opened the door hesitatingly. "Are you alone?" she asked.

"Yes; come in."

"How have you got along to-day?" said Mrs. Hill, with motherly interest; "have one of these apples. Elbridge and Lottie have spent the day at Aunt Margaret's, and brought home a nice basket full. Aunt Margaret wants you to make her a dress next week, Lottie says."

"What kind of a dress is it?" asked Barbara.

"Black silk."

"My eyes are getting poor, I see, when I work on black; it's owin' to my last sickness, though," she added, promptly.

"You were very sick, then, I believe."

"Yes, dreadful; my nerves never'll get as strong as they were before; that's one reason why I'm so irritable some days; I get tired and fidgety, and think I'm in other folks' way, and everything goes wrong—that's the way I felt yesterday—to-day it's been a little better."

Barbara Stone had been in Mrs. Hill's family a little more than a year, being a kind of family factotum, though her chief business was sewing. Occasionally Mrs. Hill allowed her to go and sew for some friends, if she chose to, and aside from her peculiarities of manner and disposition, she was desirable help. Her childhood had been dark and introverted; naturally, she had but few lovable traits, and her jealous, unhappy temperament had been soured and strengthened till, like Arachne, she gathered poison from every flower. The hand that should have cultivated the good in her heart, and planted other seed at morning and at evening, had neglected its work for mere material aims.

Barbara was now a tall, angular-formed woman of forty-five; she usually wore a kind of troubled, dissatisfied expression, which, from long habit, was hard to be put off, though, in justice to her recent efforts, it should be said that she "tried to look pleasant." Her light blue eyes jointly owed their conspicuity to the heavy eyebrows, and dark, yellowish skin that surrounded them. Her hair was thin, grey, and curling. Her teeth quite good and regularly-formed; twenty-five years before, she might have been tolerably "good looking."

"Did you get a good fit for Mrs. Raymond, Barbara?" asked Mrs. Hill, just then laying down a little striped stocking she had been toeing off for the baby.

"Yes; but I think she's an exacting, hard woman to sew for; it's a dog's life to lead, the best way you can fix it—though I'm the best off here I've ever been since we broke up, and just as well off as I can be, for a person in my situation." Barbara gave a sigh.

"There's many a one worse off than you, and some who have privileges you do not have, cares and troubles you are free from—just see how many I have to look after, and how much to think of—"

"And so many to love you," interposed Barbara, with feeling, for the word *love* seldom passed her lips.

"Oh, yes, Barbara; we all have more blessings than we are worthy of," said Mrs. Hill, soothingly. Barbara kept cutting the apple skin on her plate, in a nervous, undecided way, which told plainly that she had something more to say.

"You should have got married when young, Barbara, and escaped earthly ills," said Mrs. Hill, in a tone suited to the remark. "Why, didn't you? come, let's know about it."

"The ways of Providence are not our ways," was the honest answer.

Barbara's apple parings were all the time growing finer.

"Tell me how it was, if you feel free to," said Mrs. Hill to her, very kindly.

"I've been thinking of old times, to-day, a good deal," commenced Barbara; "I could hear the kitchen girl up to Miss Raymond's, singing some old tunes about her work that I used to sing, and hear sung, and somehow it brought up all the past, and made me feel so kind of solemn. You know I've told you before there was three girls of us at home, Janet, Susan and me. I was the oldest, and Mother took in weaving and tailoring, so the heft of the housework come on me. Father was a still, peaceable man, never said much, nor done much, either, Mother would always say: but he done the work on our little place, and in the Winter worked at his trade, which was shoe making. Mother was a great driver about work; we never had any rest till everything was done up, and what made it worse, she was generally stiff and sullen in her ways. I take my disposition from her; the others was more like Father, and they was better looking, too; but Mother always said they was more shiftless than I; so it was Barbara here, and Barbara there. Father had a sister living in the village, and Janet and Susan went to the Seminary some, and boarded with her; but I had to make their place good, and never could go. Father used to say, sometimes, I had to work too hard, but anything contrary to Mother's ideas didn't amount to much. It wasn't very natural for me to love, or a great many things would have given sunshine to my soul, but I never cared for a pet or flower, till — Well, things went on so till a few months before the girls was a goin' to be married. A young man, carpenter and joiner by trade, workin' to our next neighbor's, begun to pay me considerable attention; he was

from Vermont, and was going on to Michigan, 'the State of new-made graves,' it was sometimes called, emigrants died off so; but he got plenty of work in our town, and so staid all Summer. He never felt very free to come to our house, but always went home with me from evening meetings, and we rode out two or three times; more than all, he said he loved me—not in jest so many words, but I understood—and how I loved him, better than ever anything else before or since! Then I walked in the light, but it was earthly, and it faded; then I felt the unfolding of a better nature, and the jealousies, the gloomy murmuring that had made up the strongest part of my life, all vanished. Then my character might almost have been transformed, but now it is too late, unless ——" her voice trembled, tears glistened on her eye lashes, and it seemed that, for a moment, she remembered Calvary and its unfading light; "unless you return the Saviour's love, Barbara," said Mrs. Hill.

"But what became of your friend?"

"Well, he got word from the West, to come out immediately, and the night before he started, he come over to our house, expectin' to find me ready to hear about his going; but there wasn't anybody home only Mother. He asked where I was. 'Gone away,' says she, 'and what wind brought you here?'"

"The North wind," he said.

"Then I hope one from the South will take you back again," says she; and so I suppose he went off right away—though it was a long time before I knew anything about it.

"The next day I heard he was gone. It looked strange and sudden to me, but I thought he would surely write. Oh, how anxious I waited and hoped, thinking he would; how my heart throbbed when Father would come from the village, and I'd think he might have a letter for me, and I'd generally be out near the gate, so if he did, the rest wouldn't know it. And so, for five long years, I hoped on; and then I heard he was married."

"A little while before this, there was a Mr. Simms, a widower with three children, wanted me, but I thought, you know, that possibly he might come back, and so I told Mr. Simms 'no.'"

"How gloomy and wretched I was then! constantly thinking of my own trouble, and nobody's else; then Father died. Mother went to live with the girls, (though they wasn't over anxious about it) and I to take care of myself. Since I've lived with you, I've took more comfort, and tried to be more

cheerful and pleasant, and on the whole, see a good many bright days; but there's a good many cloudy ones, too. This life's a chequered scene," and Barbara gave a hopeless, despairing sigh, which moved Mrs. Hill's heart to a deeper sympathy than she had ever felt for her before.

"I'm glad you've told me this," responded her auditor.

"So be I," said Barbara; "but it aint often I talk so free as I have to-night. I feel better for it, though, and maybe you'll bear with me the longer."

"And you must forgive me, Barbara, when I get impatient. This is a world of care and labor to those who realize their responsibilities, and sometimes we get irritable, and ——"

"Don't talk so. I think, every day, if I only had your disposition," interrupted Barbara.

Mrs. Hill heard the same remark before. "My wife's disposition," modestly hinted at, of course, was a favorite reference with Mr. Hill, when it suited the subject; but the pure home atmosphere in which they all delighted, was the result, in part, of discipline and sacrifice, of the strivings of a heavenly spirit with the earthly, and it was only when the cares of the world, or its strifes and jealousies, pressed far too heavily, that the atmosphere was clouded with unhappy aura.

Elbridge's voice was then heard as they entered the gate, and Barbara rose up hastily, to leave the room, saying, "There, they've come!"

They sat for an hour or more, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and the gentleman whose eloquence had held an admiring crowd spell bound; but before Mrs. Hill's vision kept flitting now and then, passages of Barbara's life—its hopes and disappointments, its thorns and barrenness, and one fair flower, love,

"Slip of the life eternal,

Brightly growing in the low soil of time."

PLEASING ANECDOTE.—There is a new theological book called "Lectures on the Early Fathers." It was being read by a young student in a family in Gower street, the other morning, while the breakfast bacon and other advantages were getting cold by reason of the mistress of the family not coming down until long after the regular hour. "There should be a supplement to this book," said the saucy lad, as his mamma bustled into the room. "We must have *Lectures on the late mothers.*"

KITTY LOYD.

A SEQUEL TO THE "PRISONER'S CHILD."

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"THERE must be some attraction down that way."

The young man spoke laughingly. The two friends were strolling down the beautiful garden walks of a pleasant house of which we have had a former glimpse.

It was ten miles from Sing Sing.

"Oh, I don't know." Carelessly spoken, but then a flush and half smile accompanied the words.

"Not quite a confirmed bachelor yet, eh?"

"On the shady side of twenty-eight," replied the other, a tall, slender, dark-haired man, the oldest son of "old Squire Maywood," as he was universally called.

"Well, that's a pretty face I saw; who is it?"

"Her name is Loyd—Miss Kate Loyd."

"Loyd, eh? I don't remember, I'm sure. I've such a treacherous memory, and since I returned I find many things have totally escaped my recollection."

"It is better to forget some things," said his friend, George Maywood, a slight dash of bitterness tinging his voice.

"A teacher, I think you said."

"Yes, a wonderful girl. Almost unaided, she has fitted herself for that vocation—putting aside difficulties that to me, a man, would have seemed herculean."

"Then she is not wealthy?"

"Certainly not—far from it, that is, in one sense of the word. Since her father's death, two years ago, she has supported herself bravely. Her father, during his life-time, cleared the little cottage in which she keeps her school; so that belongs to her. She has made herself a masterly scholar, both classically and ornamentally. I wish you could hear her sing. To my certain knowledge, she has been offered fifteen hundred dollars a season, if she would sing in public."

"Aparagon, I see," said his friend. "Loyd! Loyd! what was her father's business?"

"He was a merchant once," replied George Maywood, turning abruptly round. "Come, let's go in the house."

Within doors was a pleasant, happy, social gathering. The bright, particular star of the household was Nell; (Nellie Maywood no

longer) but a happy wife and mother. She had made a "great match," as the word goes. She sat composedly by the side of her father, who was caressing her youngest child, a bright and blooming creature, with wealth of sunny tresses, and eyes that laughed in sunshine and in shade. A boy, wild with frolic, paced across the room, followed by a pet spaniel. Dr. Longsteel, the husband of Nellie, sat at the piano, playing here and there a few chords of sweet harmony.

The evening closed in; the lamps were lighted. Ten years had not made any very striking changes in the face of Nellie. As she sat lounging a little, a dress of snowy white flowing around her figure, one might imagine that not an hour had elapsed since a weary little child, sitting on a stone, by the wayside, had asked how far it was to Sing Sing; or that the child still stood out in the kitchen eating the food which Susan had prepared for her.

George Maywood and the gentleman who had been his college chum, were busily discussing some little point of Opera etiquette, when Dr. Longsteel exclaimed,

"Nell, I wish you could sing for me once, as you used to."

"Doctor, you know I am almost out of practice," replied the young wife, "besides, my long walk of to-day has indisposed me. I wish I could favor you, but really I must be excused."

"Isn't it possible for us to get up some singing?" asked Harry Wells, their visitor, crossing the room, and seating himself by the Doctor's wife.

"You and George can sing," she said, smilingly. "Pray, get George to sing, I haven't heard him for an age, and he used always to be singing."

"Ah! Kitty should be here to-night; you should hear Kitty sing, sir," said the aged father.

"Suppose we send for her," George Maywood turned towards his father, his face all lighted up. On the opposite side Nellie's eyes flashed almost fire.

"No, if you please, Father, I had rather you would not," she said, excitedly.

"Ah! is that George's lady-love?" asked the young visitor, smilingly.

"His! I trust you will never couple his name with hers, Mr. Wells," she exclaimed, almost sharply.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, hastily.

"Miss Loyd would do no dishonor to the fairest household in the land!" exclaimed George Maywood, a spot of red tinging each cheek.

"She does very well, in her way," said Nellie; "but we cannot forget that her father was a prison bird."

George Maywood turned deadly pale, gave his sister one piercing glance of mingled anguish and resentment, and hurried from within the room.

"My daughter! my daughter! that was ungenerous;" and the old father's tones were tremulous.

"Father," said Nellie Longsteel, rising, "it was all very well to encourage Kitty Loyd, and to assist her in her efforts, every way; but when it comes to taking her into the family, and making her one of us, I must protest against it."

"My dear," said Doctor Longsteel, gently, "this is worse for your nerves than singing would be. Besides, George may not be thinking of such a thing."

"I know he is," replied Nellie, "and I cannot look on it with any patience."

"Let us talk of something else, my dear," said her husband.

With a fevered brain, and hot-beating heart, George Maywood had rushed out into the cool night air. With an impatient step he paced the garden walk, unlatched the gate, throwing it wide, and leaving it to jar itself back; and on he marched, keeping down with a struggle the evil thoughts that sought to be uppermost. Every visit his sister had made, since her marriage, had brought him pain, until he dreaded to hear of her arrival at her childhood's home.

"How can she?" he thought, bitterly, "how can she cherish feelings of hate against such an angelic being as sweet Katy Loyd! If her father had died in prison, a convict condemned, I should still love her."

He came in sight of a pretty little homestead as he walked, but long before the lights from its pleasant parlor could be seen, he heard a voice that sent the wild throbbings of love through every pulse.

Clear as a lark-tone it floated out, and up-

wards, and seemed to draw down some heavenly influence upon the troubled mind of George Maywood. A gentle, sacred, soothing air it was; one the young girl knew was a great favorite of his, and it calmed his excited brain.

He entered like a privileged visitor, without knocking. With a beautiful, welcoming smile, she arose to meet him.

"You look troubled," she said.

"I am troubled; my soul is sorrowful," he answered, with a sad smile.

"Let me sing the dark spirits away," she said, attempting to move to the piano.

"No; no; stay here, close by me. It is your presence that I want; your presence forevermore!" he added, passionately.

"Oh! George, you know that cannot be."

"It can be, if you will. My father loves you, and I love you; no man can love you more fervently."

"But your sister, and her proud family! I cannot, cannot consent;" she hid her face in her hands; the color had faded to a blanched white. "I will mix reproach upon no man's name; oh, George Maywood, why did you love me? why did you seek me?" she cried, a wail of agony in her voice.

"Because Heaven put the impulse in my heart," said the young man. "I have loved you ever since you were a child, Catherine Loyd. That almost divine act of your young life made a man of me. With little home culture, no mother to warn me, and a sister as thoughtless as myself, I was beginning to sow the seeds of dissipation, to lay the foundation for a worthless character, but that deed of mercy roused my better nature. It was as if an angel had suddenly stationed herself at the door of my soul, and with a voice of gentle harmony, whispered, 'I'll take care of you.' Oh, my angel! my beloved, do not reject; do not drive me to anguish."

"I have heard how *she* has spoken of me," said Catherine, in a low, troubled voice. "Her censures have cut me to the heart, for how could I help it? And do you think I could consent to bring enmity between you and her; to cause dissension where all should be harmony! No, I cannot; truly as I love you, I cannot, George Maywood."

"Then I despair;" the young man arose from his seat, but fell back again heavily. His white face and ashen lips alarmed the beautiful girl, who, with tender words and manner strove to recal him to calmness.

"Catherine, I must leave you," he said, at last. "I must go out of the country. I can

no longer remain near one whom I love so hopelessly. If I cannot alter your resolution, I cannot remain."

"Give me a week, George; let me think it all over. You must not leave your old father; it would break his heart. Let us say no more about it while you stay, nor again till the expiration of this night week."

George Maywood was obliged to content himself with this promise, and the rest of the evening was pleasantly spent, as circumstances permitted.

"Charley, my beautiful darling, don't lean out of the window so far;" and almost flying, the young mother caught her boy from his perilous position, and held him close to her heart.

"Oh! such a pretty lady is coming!" cried the boy, pointing to a graceful figure that moment walking up the yard.

"Yes, I see; it is Kitty Loyd. I wish she would keep away."

"What for, Mamma; what do you want her to keep away for? Don't Uncle George like her?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied his mother, shortly; "now go and play, but remember, not beyond the garden fence."

Just as the child bounded out, wild with young life, Catherine Loyd glided in. She looked very lovely, her sweet and innocent face flushed by her morning walk.

"How do you do?" was Nelly Longsteel's cold greeting.

"Thank you, quite well; oh, what a beautiful babe!" and she gazed delightedly on the face of the sleeping child. Then turning and taking a seat in obedience to Nellie's motion, she said.

"Mrs. Longsteel, I have come to speak with you about your brother."

"Indeed!" was Nellie's distant rejoinder. Kate's cheek flushed—her voice trembled so that she came near losing her self-command, as she replied,

"Yes, in very deed. He told me last night," she continued, "that he must leave his beautiful home, his aged father, and go where he could perhaps forget——"

"Forget you," said Nellie, with some sarcasm in her voice, as Kitty's voice fell.

"Yes, Mrs. Longsteel—forget me—but I shall not let him go."

"Ah! then you are determined to come into this family," said Nellie, in an almost harsh voice.

"No, Mrs. Longsteel; I shall force myself on no one. I shall go away, instead of him, if you still persist in thinking me unworthy to be his wife. I do not blush to own that he is very, very dear to me, but he shall not sacrifice himself for me. He has an old father;" the tears came in her eyes; "I am fatherless. He has a sister. I am an orphan, unblessed, with brother or sister. He does love me, purely, nobly, honorably; he would make me his wife; his father would receive me as a daughter; but his sister despises me."

"Oh, no; you are mistaken," said Nellie, hastily, "I despise no one; but our family name is without stain, while yours, you know——"

She ceased. A strange expression gathered in Kate Loyd's pale face.

"Take care!" she said, in a low, excited voice; "take care, your children are not yet grown. Remember that my father's name was once as fair as your own, and his prospects were golden ones. In an evil hour he fell—but he repented, and made for himself a virtuous name again. Beware how you pour scorn and contempt on those whom God pities; He will surely remember it. Do not fear for me, Mrs. Longsteel; until you look upon me as your equal—yes, you need not flash fire from your eyes; I feel that I am, by virtue of a nobility God has conferred upon me, *fully* your equal—but until you acknowledge that, do not fear that I shall cause your cheeks to redden at the mention of my name. I will go away where he cannot find me; I can support myself, thank God! Good morning, Mrs. Longsteel."

She passed out as she had come, only she left shadows behind her.

"I will walk on the river bank," she said, softly, "where we have so often walked together; it may be the last time." She hastened towards the pretty stream, fringed with ever drooping alders and willow trees. Once she thought, in the midst of her sad reverie, a sunny head flashed in and out, down where the stream curved a little, and the trees were thicker than elsewhere. But, plunged in sorrowful thought, she did not take much notice until a gurgling scream sounded on her ears. Flying to the spot, she saw the beautiful son of Dr. Longsteel, not a yard from the shore, struggling as he came up from his fall—his hair plastered to his temples—his little hands raised in agony. Seizing a stout, overhanging branch of the willow tree directly overhanging

the spot, the brave girl jumped in, caught the drowning boy, worked herself back with great labor, and clambered out of the water, the boy hanging lifeless from under one arm.

At that very moment the doctor appeared; he had been searching for his boy. He gave a cry of astonishment, and an ejaculation of fervent thanksgiving.

"My dear girl! God bless you!" he exclaimed, his lips quivering; "but for you my child had perished."

"He is safe now," said Kate, transferring her dripping charge to the arms of the doctor.

"You are wet through," cried the doctor; "come immediately to the house."

"I can walk home, and ——"

"No; to the house as soon as possible!" said the doctor, in his quick, professional way, and Kate followed, her garments clinging to her.

As they entered, Nellie came flying down stairs.

"Doctor! Husband! what has happened!" she cried. "Oh, he's dead! how was it? who killed him?" and wringing her hands, she stood the picture of despair.

"Hush, Nell, he lives; he is breathing; but for this noble girl, however, our darling might be lying dead in the river."

"Oh! did you save him, Kitty Loyd? was it you saved the life of my darling? Come up stairs with me, quickly, come;" and clutching her arm, the two followed the doctor and his charge.

Nellie hastily spread dry clothes, and Kate attired herself in them.

"She took me out," cried the boy, pointing to his preserver. He laid yet on the couch; his mother wiping the long, wet curls, one by one, with a soft towel.

"Yes, darling," said his mother, imprinting a kiss on the white brow.

"Ask her if she can forgive your mother?"

"Can you forgive my mother?" asked the dear boy, artlessly. Nellie looked up—arose, cried, with one wild sob,

"Oh, Kitty Loyd, forgive me!" and fell weeping on her neck.

It is needless to say that Kate forgave; that George Maywood was rendered supremely happy; that old Squire Maywood thanked God that his son would be blessed with the love of one he had long regarded as a daughter, and that the whole family, thereafter, cherished the gentle girl, looking upon her with more affection and reverence than usually follow those who enter within the circle of other homes.

MAY—A LIFE.

BY CARRELLA.

PLAYING in the sunshine,
Mocking its light with her eyes,
Her mouth all smiling sweetness,
A rosebud in disguise!
Sporting on sunny hillsides,
Smiling in mossy nooks,
Learning to sing of Nature,
Of birds and water-brooks;
Playing all day in sunshine,
Dreaming of joy all night,
Awake with the earliest sunbeams,
Like them dispensing light!
But with her blooming roses,
Herself a baby-rose—
Like them to unfold in beauty,
Like them in their early close;
So passed her beauteous childhood,
Gay as the sun's bright beams,
Till the glad eyes of the child-May
Grew pensive with maiden dreams.
No more the lovely rose-life,
Though a rose it was not yet,

For the dreamy life of May-maiden
Grew more like the violet.
Smiles that had mocked the sunshine,
E'en in her rosy sleep,
Grew more like the sweeter moonlight,
Sleeping upon the deep.
'Twas the woman-heart awaking;
Life offered its tempting draught;
What marvel the innocent maiden,
Its golden chalice quaffed!
Thenceforth her life had purpose
The child-May ne'er had known;
And sweeter than youth or childhood,
Her matron smiles have grown.
The woman's lot was welcome,
Of toil, of patient care;
Of watching o'er "little blossoms,"
Of learning to do and bear!
And over the years that followed,
The stars shone calm above;
Both changeless—one, Faith in Heaven,
The other—life-long Love.

"A SLIGHT MISTAKE."

BY CAPRICE.

ONE cool afternoon in the early Fall, I—Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited as patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats; their increasing numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I turned to follow them.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I turned, in obedience to the touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and was evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish young girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I speak, sir, to Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, sir, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock—I have charge of her." He turned to the person behind him.

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark-blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Cousin Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant, who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me the two checks for the trunks, and endued me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly been made, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspecting gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an affectation of friendly ease I was very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey, Miss Florence."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jennie enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Does she never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when I get there."

So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her cousin Jennie's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jennie look? and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jennie," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious little smile; "but about my dear aunty's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well."

"Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, "I thought she hadn't been well for years!"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have since found is of the misty-moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few minutes, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that, in all this time, you haven't mentioned the baby!"

I know I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter—you should see how she cares about him."

"Him!" Blessed be goodness; then it must be a boy!

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I won't describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such sample—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name."

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him yours!"

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No; one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion, heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various, indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yet I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my temples, every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not, as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile. "As you are my cousin," she said. Soon after her eyes closed, and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much, but sat remorseful until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward, and awaking. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is of no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said, "for it is very much in the way for me, and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons, and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being, in truth, too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk

veiled over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder, and slept again. This time, when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round that slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes, or quiet my conscience. I could only gaze down on that beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would spring up and confront me, if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine, as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of my Summer sojourns at Newport or Saratoga might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possible and far-off contingency. Never before I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before, had I so longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No; I could not sleep!

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she, when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquently still. I don't think I looked at the Cataract as much as at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful and wonderful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent and charming way, calling me "Cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward so quickly from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me) while every word, look, and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaged ail over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my gloves, sewed the broken band of my traveling cap, and found my segar case when-

ever I lost it, which was twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness, which she declared almost equaled her own. Long ago she had given over, to my keeping, her elegant little *porte monnaie*, "with all her money in it, which she was sure she should lose, as she never could keep anything," and as she had ordered me to take out what was wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands, when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had folded up into the very smallest possible compass, as much gold as the pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit any fingers but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No. — Olive Street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of the Cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, so far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her, I forgot everything except her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be to her no more or less than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved, and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreaded as much I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause her unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her, and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last!" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happi-

ness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gayety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage, and followed her in, giving the address found in the *porte monnaie*, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street, and my time was short—"how can you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening, than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an impostor and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me.

Thank Heaven I did not yet read fear and aversion in it.

"No right! no claim!" she repeated; "what can you mean?"

I told her, frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few last words of apology—

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I blame and hate myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke, she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice,

"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend, and to assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman, followed by a fine-looking, black-whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well-bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband, in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or of anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence, herself, presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of the journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said, hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and

honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth!"

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into her lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be relieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet Cousin Jennie (*my Cousin Jennie now*) so bit-

terly reproaches us in her last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no longer blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Chester Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions, to write down this story) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking to her. Stupid, indeed, to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake!"

Rapids, Hamilton, Ill., Oct. 30th, 1858.

THE UNFRUITFUL TREE.

A COUNTRYMAN had a brother dwelling in the town, who possessed a magnificent orchard full of the finest fruit trees, so that he was renowned in all the neighborhood for his beautiful trees, and the skill he showed in rearing them. Now the countryman came one day to visit him in the town, and gazed in wondering admiration upon the trees.

Then the gardener said unto him, "See, my brother, I will give thee a tree, the best in my nursery."

The gardener, having thus spoken, called his assistants, and pointed out to them the tree, in order that they should dig it out of the ground. And the countryman rejoiced because of the tree, and caused it to be carried to his own field. The next morning his heart was much divided, as to where he should plant the tree. "For, he thought within himself, if I plant it up there upon the height, the wind may visit it too roughly, and the goodly fruit may be shaken off the tree before it is yet ripe; and if I plant it down here, near the road, it will be seen by the passers-by, and the smiling apples may tempt them to rob me."

So when he had turned the matter over in

his mind, he went and planted the tree behind the barn, on the north side, and said, within himself, "Here, at least, the spying eye of rapacious plunderers will be slow to discover it." And he rejoiced in secret at his own prudence. But lo! the first year passed away, and the tree had borne no fruit; and the second passed away likewise, and still none had appeared. Then he sent and called his brother, the gardener, to him, and exclaimed, in anger, "Thou hast surely deceived me, and given me a miserable, barren stump, instead of a fruitful tree; for see, it is already the third year, and yet it hath borne nothing but leaves."

But the gardener only smiled, when he saw the tree, and answered his brother, saying, "It is no marvel to me that the tree has failed. Thou didst plant it where only the cold winds blew upon it, and neither light nor heat imparted vigor to its boughs. How, then, could it bear thee either flowers or fruit. It was a plant of a noble nature, and such it still remains; but thou didst plant it with an evil and suspicious heart. How, then, couldst thou expect to gather from it noble and refreshing fruit?"

MY HUSBAND'S AUNT.

BY CARRIE CARRAWAY.

LETTER II.

DEAR LIZZIE:

I TOLD you in my last letter about my first meeting with Aunt Jemima Evergreen, and now I will, as I promised, resume my story. After staying quietly for one day at the Revere House, we started, Charley, Aunt Jemmy, and I, at five o'clock in the afternoon, for New York, by the Norwich route. Aunt Jemmy was very quiet and sleepy by the time we reached the boat, but the novelty of changing from car to boat at so late an hour, "nigh on to bed time," as she said, aroused her.

Charley had been unable to procure state room tickets, and we went into the cabin. I put my carpet bag, and Aunt's chints bag, into our berth, and then went up again to the saloon where she was waiting for me.

"I'm orful hungry!" was her salutation.

"Supper will be ready presently," I said.

"Land! do they give you yeour tea here. Well, if ever. My sakes! we're moving!"

"Certainly!" I said.

"Wa-al, yes," she said, laughing. "I calkelate we wouldn't git tew New York in a hurry, if we stud still. Where does all them 'ere leetle doors go to?"

"They lead to the state rooms. Charley secured his tickets too late to get one," I said.

"Land! look at that rantankerous nigger with the big bell. What a noise! What on airth's to pay?"

"Supper," I said, "and here is Charley to go down with us."

"My sakes," she said, "this ere supper room's as big as the hotel one. What a joggling. I say, Charley, why can't you ask the Capting to keep the boat still till we've done tea."

"Can't be done," said Charley.

"Lors, now, can't it? Can't he put in an hour or so, till we're done. Jest look at them flowers how they shake."

"You had better make a light supper," I said, "if you are unused to a boat at night, it may make you sick."

"My stars, C'line," she replied, "I guess I'm big enough not to eat myself sick. I declare, young folks now-a-days is too sassy to live."

"Don't be angry at poor Carrie," said Charley. "She was only afraid the motion of the boat would trouble you."

"Wa-al," said she, "Least said, soonest rede."

In spite of my warning, she made a hearty supper. When she left the table, she could hardly stand, with giddiness. I led her to the cabin, and persuaded her to lie down on the sofa.

"My gracious, C'line," said she, "there's a woman taking off her geownd."

"Yes," said I; "she is going to bed."

"Here?"

"Yes; we all sleep here."

"What, all the wimmin in this room sleep in here."

"Yes."

"Where on airth do they all stow?"

I drew aside the curtain, and showed her our berths.

"I declare to goodness gracious! Yeou don't mean fur to go fur to say that folks sleeps on them little shelves."

"Just so," I said. "Look around, and see how many of them are occupied already."

"Which is mine?"

"We are entitled to the top one, and the lower one of this row," I said, "the middle one belongs to some one else."

"Allow me to pass, if you please," said a voice at my elbow, and in an instant the berth next the lower one was occupied."

"I'll take the under one," said Aunt. "I couldn't never climb up to the top. I'll jest take off my shoes, and git in, for I feel orful giddy."

She did get in, but the lady above her moved. In a second Aunt Jemmy shot out of her berth, her face aghast.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Land!" she cried. "I thought she was comin' in a top of me. Oh, C'line, I feel orful sick."

"You had better lie down," I said.

"In there! No; I wonder if I kin lay on the sofy."

"Yes; do lie down," I urged, for she was getting suspiciously white.

Lizzie, my dear, I spare you a further de-

scription. Poor Aunt Jemmy speaks of boats now, with a groan. She was the sickest traveler I ever saw. In the morning, anxious to get her out of the close cabin, I helped her to rise, and led her out into the air. Charley soon joined us.

"Well, Auntie," said he, in his hearty, genial voice, "How do you feel this morning?"

"Streaked enough," she said, dolefully. "I was orful sick all night. I can't 'count for it no ways, unless there was something in the supper. I was well enough when we started."

Charley began to point out the points of interest.

"There, Auntie," said he, "that's Castle Garden."

"Where?"

"There, where I point. The large round building."

"I see the Castle," said she; "but where's the garden? My! what a lot of ships. Conscience sake; what they all doin' here?"

"There are a great many," I said, "from all parts of the world. Oh, Charley, look! there is a steamer coming in!"

"Where?" cried Aunt Jemmy. "Sakes! what a tearing big boat. What they waving their hats fur."

"It is the steamer from England," said Charley.

"You don't say so. Is all them people furiners. They're all white."

It was a noble sight to see the steamer pass us so majestically, and Aunt Jemmy watched it with eager interest. She seemed quite sorry when our boat stopped.

"Charley," she said, as we passed up the gangway, "what on airth is all them men a doin' with whips, behind that rope. Land, Charley, don't go rite in among 'em. Glory! what a noise. Charley, this man's speaking to you."

"Yes," said Charley. "Come along, don't stop, Auntie, I've got my hack."

"Dew tell. Where did you git it? I never heerd sich a noise in my life."

She got into the carriage, and looked so tired and sick, that Charley concluded to stay in New York all day, to let her rest. We drove to the Astor House, and I persuaded her to lie down. She was soon in a sound sleep, and leaving her, Charley and I started for a walk, and to do some shopping. When we returned, I went immediately to Aunt Jemmy's room. She was not there! Thinking the parlors attracted her, I made the tour of them all. She was nowhere in any of them.

Frightened, I went back to the room. Her bonnet was gone, and her shawl, and I flew down stairs to Charley, quite anxious. He was in the bar-room, chatting with a friend, but, unmindful of propriety, I went in too.

"Why, Carrie," he said, "what is the matter? Mrs. Carraway, Mr. Jones."

I bowed.

"Oh, Charley," I said, half laughing, half crying, "Aunt Jemmy's gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes; bonnet, shawl, and all!"

We, Charley and I, like "goosey, goosey gander, went up stairs and down stairs, and in the lady's chamber," but could not find her. She was not in the parlor, dining-room, bar-room, or kitchen; none of the waiters or chambermaids knew her whereabouts. In short, Lizzie, she was nowhere.

Having searched the house, we went out. Trusting that her ignorance would prevent her from turning any corners, we went, I up, he down Broadway. At three o'clock, tired and hungry, I returned, after having explored stores, and questioned passengers innumerable. Charley soon joined me, very anxious, and like myself, unsuccessful. We were still on the steps, deliberating what to do next, when there drove up a carriage containing Aunt Jemmy and two police officers. Charley met them, and motioning to the officers to keep silent, led the way to our room, shut out the gaping waiters who followed, and then turned to the men for an explanation.

"Charley," said Aunt Jemmy, "jest tell these men that I'm a respectable woman, will you?"

Charley turned from her again, and looked at one of the men with a face of perfect bewilderment.

"Sir," said the officer, "we arrested this woman in the act of leaving the city in disguise, and suspecting her to be this person," and he gave Charley a printed hand-bill, "we took her to the station house. At her own request, she is here to prove her identity."

I peeped at the hand-bill. It was a description of an Ann J—, who had been arrested for shop-lifting, and escaped from justice. She was connected with a gang of such rogues that the police were anxious to break up, and the description was ludicrously like poor Aunt Jemmy.

"Well," said Charley, "how did you happen to stumble upon my aunt?"

"Why, sir," said the man, "we met her on Broadway, and saw that she was disguised,

(no New Yorker walks the streets in that costume) and we followed her. She answered to the description, as you see, and we suspected her of a design to leave the city. She went to the wharf, and then on board the Norwich boat. She must have engaged her berth, for she went immediately to the cabin, and was just creeping into a berth, when we took her."

Charley's face was a perfect study. He looked from the men to Aunt Jemima, who, by the way, Lizzie, was as cool and composed as if she had never left the room.

"Well," said he, "what must I do? I am Dr. Charles Carraway, of Philadelphia; the landlord knows me, and this is my aunt, Mrs. Evergreen, who is on her way from her own home in Massachusetts, to mine in Philadelphia. How she came to be on board the boat, she must explain herself, for I cannot. Aunt, how did you contrive to get into such a scrape?"

"Wa-al," said Aunt Jemima, "it didn't take such a heap of contriving, as I know of, but the way of it was this: Yeou see, when I woke up, I thought I'd jest slick up my hair afore you an' C'line came home; wa-al, when I cum to look, I found I'd left my calikee bag on that 'ere boat what we come over in. So I thought I was smart enough to find the boat agin, and I went down to the street, and walked along till I cum to it. Wa-al, I went into it, and there was a woman thar that told me where the cabin was, and so I jest went in, and found our shelf, and thar was my bag. Wa-al, I jest grabbed it, and this man, sez he,

"See here," sez he, 'you're wanted.'

"Who wants me?" sez I.

"I do," sez he.

"Wa-al," sez I, 'you be ant the first man that's wanted me, by a long shot, but you can't have me. I made up my mind, arter Evergreen died, that I'd never be married agin.'

"Come," sez he, 'that won't go down. You're got to come with me.'

"But I won't," sez I.

"Then I'll make you," sez he, and up comes tother man, and he tuck one arm, and tother man tother arm, and they toted me off the boat, and down the street, and I fit, and there was a whole lot of men an' boys came arter us, and bimeby they tuck me inter a house, and there was a man at a table, and sez he,

"What's your name?"

"Jemima Evergreen," sez I.

Wa-al, he larfed fit to split, and I jest giv

him a piece of my mind, about his two men a fallin' in love with a respectable widder woman in the street, and taking her whether she would or no, and then I told him you was here, and he'd better look sharp, or you'd teach him a thing or two. Wa-al, he asked me where you were, and I jest happened to mind the name over the door, and so he told the men to bring me here in a carriage, and that's all I know about it."

Charley was very much annoyed, but the officer seemed so sorry for his mistake, and apologized so humbly, that there was nothing to be done but dismiss him with as good a grace as possible, and let the matter drop.

Fearful of further exposure, and finding that the arrest was circulating pretty freely in the bar-room, Charley concluded to leave instantly. We arrived in Philadelphia without further adventure, and settled down quietly into our new house.

Since we came home, Aunt Jemima has occasioned several ludicrous incidents, but as my letter is very long already, I will tell you about them in my next.

With love,

CARRIE

FELLOW-TRAVELERS.

We are all fellow travelers to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns;" let us then be kind to all we meet, and greet our way-faring friends with words of kindness, and deeds of love, thus making the journey pleasant and happy. A word of kindness will often open springs of deep feeling, hidden by seeming coldness, and veiled with sorrow. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and the head hanging down, the coy demeanor, the cold exterior, may cover a spring of emotion, or a sad tale of trouble and affliction. Do not let us mistake our fellow-men, but try to bear each other's burdens truly and sympathizingly. This is a beautiful world, and oh! what power of usefulness is entrusted to all, to smooth each other's path through the world; to draw out sweet gushes of feeling from the lonely heart; to shed a light of joy and peace around; to help forward the work of universal love and national good feeling. Such a life is worth living for; such ends are worthy of ambition. May ours be this lot! and whatever our station, let us do all we can to make life happy to ourselves and others.

WAIT AND SEE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the 'Eternal melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation."—CARLYLE.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT is the reason Garrett doesn't come to breakfast? I concluded he'd be through long before this; we were out so late to the Fair last night," said Mrs. Wylde, as she poured her second cup of coffee.

"Oh, Ma'am," exclaimed Rosy, in a tone of sudden regret, "I forgot to tell you Mr. Earle handed me a note before he went out last night, and said I was to give it to you this morning."

Mrs. Wylde looked up with uneasy surprise, as Rosy was leaving the room. "Wasn't Garrett in last night?"

"I don't know, Ma'am; I was abed afore you got home."

A moment later, the girl returned with the note, and laid it beside Mrs. Wylde. The lady opened it eagerly, and somehow, her fingers trembled.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

For this in very deed and truth have you been to me since the hour that my own, with her dying breath, consigned me to your care: I wish I had your blessing on—I hope I may receive your pardon for the deed I am about to do! Suffice it, when you read this *I shall be the husband of Helen Ash!* I can imagine all you will feel and say on this matter, but because she is poor, and I am rich; because her social position is beneath mine; because I shall elevate her to the place nature has given her the right and title to fill; do I glory in this act, more than in any other of my life! I know you will think me rash, and that my youth should alone have prevented me from taking this step; but one is never too young to do a noble act; and then, Helen loves me with all the fervor of her deep, true heart, and I am not the wretch that could break it.

I know, too, your wish, and my mother's, and that I ought to hold this in solemn remembrance, and so I do; but the voices of our own hearts should not be disregarded, and our obligations to the living may sometimes outweigh those we owe to the dead. It would

have been a wrong, both to Anita and to myself, if we had fulfilled ours to the letter, for we loved each other only with the love of brother and sister. And now, in the name of that dead mother, I pray you, forgive me for this night's work. Your boy,

GARRETT EARLE.

Mrs. Wylde read this letter in a sort of bewilderment of surprise and horror, her face growing whiter with every word, until at the last she dropped senseless from her chair to the floor.

Two weeks had passed, when, one cold, grey morning in November, Garrett Earle presented himself at Mrs. Wylde's door; he had done this daily for the last twelve days, to inquire of her state, as she had been very ill of fever, brought on by over-exertion at the Fair, and the sudden blow which the knowledge of Garrett's marriage had given her. Indeed, her physicians had at one time feared for her life, and strictly interdicted any one but the nurses seeing her, and Garrett had not dared to ask admittance. But that morning, on hearing from Rosy that she had had a good night, and was much more comfortable, he said, in those quiet, positive tones of his,

"Rosy, I am going up to see your mistress."

"Oh, you mustn't; sure and sartin it'll be the death of her to look on your face; the doctor said—"

"Nevertheless, I know best; I *shall* go, Rosy;" and he silenced her with a wave of the hand; but the simple pantomime told all the iron will, the deep, unalterable resoluteness that underlay a granite foundation, the character of Garrett Earle.

The girl did not demur any longer, she even held the door wide open, as he passed in, but she shook her head, and muttered as he went up the stairs, so familiar to his tread.

The nurse, and the sick lady on her bed, looked up as the chamber door opened softly.

"Oh, Garrett!" exclaimed Mrs. Wylde, and she covered her face with her hands.

"You mustn't come in here. The doctor has forbidden strangers," said the nurse, authoritatively. But the young man walked in, not defiant, but resolute.

"I must speak with Mrs. Wylde. Mother," his voice took a tender, pleading tone, "you will not turn me away before you hear what I have to say?"

"No; let him stay," said the sick woman, faintly.

"You will oblige me by giving me a half hour's private interview with Mrs. Wylde," was the intruder's next remark, and his tones certainly were a command, courteous as was his manner.

The nurse looked at him irresolutely, but she read something in his quiet gaze, which told her it would be useless to demur; so, with many cautions to Mrs. Wylde, not to get excited, she left the room, eyeing the young man with some displeasure, and much curiosity.

Garrett sat down by the side of the bed, and looked at the invalid, and when he saw what work the last two weeks had wrought in that fair, gentle face, his heart smote him, and the proud mouth quivered like a little child's.

"Oh, Mother!" and there was a plaint of humiliation and pain in his voice. "I would rather have died, than found you thus!"

"And oh, Garrett, would God you had died, would God you had died!" moaned the sick woman.

"If I had known you loved me so, it would not have been what it is now," he said, humbly.

The tears rolled down her pallid cheeks, as Mrs. Wylde looked at him. "Ah, Garrett, you will never know that. But it's too late; too late now."

"No; it isn't, Mother;" speaking very eagerly. "I will be to you the tenderest son a mother ever had. I will pay by life-long devotedness for this, if you will forgive me, if you will only receive Helen, my wife; she is worthy of your love, and she is borne down with sorrow for all you are suffering."

The white hands made a little deprecatory motion. "Never speak to me of that wretched woman, Garrett. She has deceived, and wrecked you, and she has broken my heart."

He could not resent her first sentence, when she added the last, though he grew very white.

"If she had only been worthy of you," continued the soft, faint voice of Mrs. Wylde, more to herself, than her listener, "I would

not have uttered one word. I would not have cared for her poverty or her position; but now, now!"

"There must be some mistake;" broke in the youth. "Some one is at the bottom of this. I ought to have seen it when you went to her, and talked to her so severely about receiving any attentions from me. It was so wholly unlike you!"

"What day, Garrett?" Mrs. Wylde turned her surprised eyes on him.

"Why, the last time you saw Helen. You will excuse me for alluding to this now, but it was your remarks then that precipitated our marriage."

"I never, during that interview, mentioned your name to Helen Ash," replied Mrs. Wylde.

"Oh, you have forgotten, Mother; don't you remember how you reproached her for receiving the attentions of a gentleman engaged to your daughter?"

"It is altogether a lie of her own making, Garrett Earle! I remember every word of that interview."

The young man looked at the lady in dumb alarm, but her face, calmly confronting his, refuted his first thought, that her mind was wandering.

Another thought struck him, for a moment, a thought that seemed to freeze down into the very fountains of his life. As it passed, he drew nearer Mrs. Wylde, and repeated, word for word, all that his wife had told him of her last interview with that lady, but his lips were very white as he spoke.

"Garrett Earle!" solemnly subjoined Mrs. Wylde, "as God hears me this minute, every word that girl told you was a lie, and she has brought all this woe with it."

"What did you say to her, Mother?" he gasped out the words, as the dying might.

"Simply that I should send her work in future, instead of giving her the trouble to come for it, and I gave some orders about a new dress. I was not in the house five minutes."

Then Garrett Earle knew the whole truth, for he could never doubt one word of Mrs. Wylde's statement—he knew that he had sold himself—that he was the husband of an artful, unprincipled woman; and *that hour all love for Helen Ash died forever out of his soul!*

He rose up, and his face was like the face of the dead, and his limbs shook under him.

"Oh, Mother, would God I had died!" he groaned, and then he sank down at the foot of the bed, and the tears gushed through his fingers.

Mrs. Wylde pitied him. "You are so young, Garrett, my boy, and she won you by her artful ways, and her wicked lies. You can easily get a divorce, as you are under age, and leave her forever!"

It was long before the storm was checked, but the boyhood was wept out of the heart of Garrett Earle with those tears. At last he rose up, and his white face had settled down into a look of rigid purpose, strangely at variance with its youth. "Mother, it shall be as you say; *I will leave that woman!*"

There was no time for more words, as that moment the doctor and the nurse entered the chamber.

"Oh, Garrett, my dear husband, I am so glad you are come back again. What has kept you so long?" and the young wife sprang up to meet her boy husband, and put up her face for a kiss.

She certainly looked very fair, with the bright light in her eyes, and the bloom on her cheeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle had taken board in a pleasant private family, immediately after they were married, and here two weeks had glided by very happily to the young couple, if it had not been for the knowledge of Mrs. Wylde's illness; for the lady possessed tact and vivacity, and with these any woman can fascinate any man who is fond of her.

The husband put away, with his hand, the proffered caress, then he stood still, and confronted her. "Helen, I have seen Mrs. Wylde this morning."

Almost any woman would have quailed under that look; Helen tried to rally. "Well, what have you learned, Garrett, that makes you look at me so?"

"I have learned, Helen Earle, that you are a liar, a base, designing liar, and that you stand here, my wife, to-day, on a lie!"

She shrank, and shivered under the terrible words, and yet it is due to Helen Earle, that the sin she had wrought scarcely looked to her like one; she supposed she had been guilty of nothing beyond a little deception which almost any woman would have practiced under like temptation. Of course this argued a great moral obliquity on her part, but education and early influences had never

developed or strengthened the best part of her character. The girl had many kind, generous impulses, but the conception of a noble, high-souled life and character, had never entered her mind.

"Oh, Garrett, you frighten me; you know I did all this for love of you!"

"Love of me!" with an expression of intense, utter loathing crossing his face; "do you think I could accept or value a love like that?"

"Don't, don't look at me so, my husband. Do tell me once more that you love me, or I shall die!"

"Never, Helen Earle, from this hour to the day of my death, will my heart feel one throb of affection for you. It is dead to you forever!"

She stood looking at him, fairly dumb-struck with amazement and horror.

"Oh, Garrett, what are you going to do?" she gasped out.

"Simply to institute a suit for a divorce from you at once, Mrs. Earle. My being under age, will, I presume, make the way easy to obtain one, and as your only object in marrying me must have been the possession of my fortune, you shall not be disappointed. I promise you a genteel support out of it."

Helen Earle was a woman of quick impulses, and strong emotions, and at the thought of leaving Garrett her soul was stirred with new affection for him. She flung herself at his feet, she lifted up her white face streaming with honest tears, and with frantic words and gestures implored him to save her from disgrace, to let her bear his name, and she would be content to support herself, to feed upon a crust of bread all the days of her life.

Any man would have pitied the girl, and he who beheld her now, carried away down in the still places of his soul many fountains of pity and tenderness.

He looked on the face of his wife, and his own softened, not with love, but with pity for her suffering. He tore himself away from her, and strode up and down the room, heavy drops gathering on his forehead, and his white face worked with the storm beneath it.

But pity at last triumphed. He went up to the wildly sobbing woman who had wrecked his happiness in youth, and he said to her, solemn and decisively, "Helen, it shall be as you say; I will not apply for a divorce. You shall bear the name you have won with your sin, and you shall have the support to which it entitles you. For the next two years, how-

ever, I shall travel, and not look upon your face, and remember, never ask, never expect from me the love of a husband, for you have lost it forever!"

She would have overwhelmed him with thanks and caresses, but he quickly silenced and repulsed her, and left the house, telling her he should be home to dinner; and then he went out, and that day's suffering had made of the boy, Garrett Earle, a *man*!

"Oh, it was terrible, terrible, Mother!" exclaimed the young wife, as that afternoon she related, with many tears, the tragical scenes through which she had passed, to her parent.

Mrs. Ash was a weak-minded, doating mother, not malicious, but with no strength of character, and as she was poor and proud, she had greatly exulted in her daughter's "setting herself in such a good place," and aided and abetted in the deception practiced on the lover.

"Well, Helen," said the mother, in a consoling tone, more alarmed than she chose her daughter should perceive, "don't mind it too much. Young blood you know's always high, and you can soon bring him round. No man can stand out long against a woman's coaxing, and if he does go off for two years, he'll put you in a nicely-furnished house, and you'll take me and Robin there, and we'll live in style, without being beholden to anybody, and hold up our heads above your Aunt Susan and Eliza; and mark my words, you'll bring him round sooner or later."

The mother would have been right, in most instances, but she was not in the case of Garrett Earle.

"Well, now, Mother, do, for pity's sake, tell me what Garrett says," cried the impatient voice of Anita Wyld, as her mother, with mournful face, laid down the note she had just received from that young gentleman.

Mrs. Wyld had not seen him since the exciting interview he had with her that morning. A week had now elapsed, and she was able to sit up for an hour or so each day. Garrett had called often, but had not acquainted her with his intentions, for fear she was not strong enough to bear them.

"He says, my child, that he has resolved on his course; that he shall not apply for a divorce; that his wife will continue to bear his name, and that he shall support her; but he

has engaged a passage for Europe in a steamer that sails next week. His entreaties for my pardon, and his self-reproaches, touch me greatly; but he says he shall not see us before he sails. It is more than he can bear."

"Well, I shouldn't think he'd want to show his face here again, after cutting up so; should you Carol?" dipping her golden head down to the gilded bars of her canary's cage, whose china trough she was just filling with seed.

"After all, I can't find it in my heart to blame the boy," sadly responded the mother.

"Garrett is a noble fellow, and it was the very nobility of his feelings which that artful creature worked on, and which has brought him into all this. He was so young, too, and without the judgment of a man. However, there's little probability they'll ever come together again, now they're to be separated two years, for he understands the girl, and of course must despise her."

"Does he speak of her, Mamma?"

"Scarcely; and makes no allusion to her conduct. His delicacy forbids his doing this while she bears his name, dishonorably as she earned it."

"Well, I say," shaking her head energetically, "it was a great shame for Garrett Earle to run off, and marry that dressmaker, and treat us all so, and throw you into such a fever. Of course I thought everything of him, but now he's got married, I'm not going to break my heart over him; and if I can't get as good a husband as Garrett Earle, my name's not Anita Wyld. So he may keep his dressmaker, for all I care;" and the little lady brought down her foot most decisively on the carpet at the conclusion of this speech.

And looking at her daughter, Mrs. Wyld saw that her affections had suffered no wound, only her vanity had been piqued by Garrett's preferring another to herself, and the mother's heart was comforted.

"And now, daughter, would you like to go to Charleston, and pass the Winter?"

She looked up with eager delight. "Oh, yes, Mamma, nothing in the world would suit me so well. You don't know how glad I was when the doctor said your health demanded a change of air. We shall have such good times. Say now you will go."

"We will go, God willing, my child!"

"And when shall we start?"

"Probably the last of next week."

"Oh, goody! goody!" and Anita fluttered out of the chamber, clapping her hands.

CHAPTER VI.

Three years had passed over the brown house by the sea shore. It had brought very little of outward event or change to its inmates.

On the soft September afternoon of which I write, Jessie sits alone in the parlor, busily assorting a small heap of golden and silver hued shells which she has gathered from time to time on the sands. She has passed her seventeenth birthday, but looking at her, you would hardly suspect this, for the girl has one of those organizations, mental and physical, which ripens late.

However, these years have been doing their quiet work with Jessie Rowe. They have given a very little more of roundness and vigor to her physique, and of late, a great yearning and disquiet to her soul. There is a dumb, but mighty cry there, which she cannot articulate, and the powers of her soul are beginning to stir themselves, and to call for air and nourishment. She does not comprehend their voices—she has not sounded her own being, or its needs—she only knows that she carries a nameless burden and want in her nature, and she sits in the old parlor this afternoon, the same drooping, wistful-faced little girl you first saw three years before on the stone steps at evening.

The child loves this room. She passes many vague, visionary hours here, for there is a sentiment in the quiet, and the old faded furniture, which she feels, rather than understands. Here she reads the books which Stephen Sears draws her from the village library, and which, being mostly novels, give her mind a somewhat unhealthful stimulus. Stephen has also presented her with a small volume of Mrs. Heman's poems, bound in red cloth, and these are her greatest treasure.

But as the little girl, for she is yet nothing more, bends over her shells by the window, Grandmother Rowe suddenly enters the parlor. She wears a faded, worsted shawl, with a border of palm leaves, and a leghorn bonnet trimmed with dyed satin ribbon.

"Why, Grandma, I didn't know as you'd been away!" exclaims Jessie, in surprise.

"Yes, I have, Jessie; and I've been out on business for you."

"For me, Grandma?"

"Yes, child;" in a very decisive tone. "I've seen things couldn't go on so any longer. I'm an old woman, nigh on sixty, and your grandfather's ten years ahead o' me. And as for anything ever comin' from the Rowe pro-

perty, I've giv that up at last. We're poorer 'n a church mouse; but I must say, my expectations has been awfully disappointed since I married Colonel Rowe. Then, the pie trade is givin' out fast. Folks don't come here so much as they did afore the Pint house was opened, and as for Hezekiah, he's a poor, shiftless creatur. I hate to say it of my own and only son, especially for his father's sake; but there's no use beatin' round the bush. So, I'd seen there was but one thing to keep this family from the town, and I've gone and done it this blessed afternoon."

"What have you gone and done, Grandma?" with some alarm in her tones.

"I've gone and hired Sim out to farmer Hines, to do chores; he's to have seventy-five cents a week, and to sleep at home; and I've got you a place to work in the paper mills."

"Oh, Grandma!" a low wail of exceeding pain and terror broke from Jessie's lips, and the shells fell from her hands, and sprinkled the floor.

"Now, Jessie Rowe, it's no use talkin'," subjoined Mrs. Rowe. "Here you are spendin' your time a hazin' round from mornin' to night, a doin' nothin' but readin' books, jest like your Grandfather, and you see what good it's brought him to. You ain't got a dress now that's fit to go to Church, and who's to get 'em for you! No," setting down her foot, "there's no use sayin' anything more. It's easy work enough for any gal, jest to fold and smooth the paper, and you'll make a dollar and a half a week, think o' that!" and Mrs. Rowe left the room, feeling she had done her duty, and no more comprehending the crushing agony of the little figure that had bowed its head forward on the table, than she did the height and depth, the scope and aim of its life.

And, indeed, from her stand point, Grandmother Rowe was not to blame for what she had done. She fully believed that Jessie inherited the general incapacity of the Rowe family, and that her life would be like all the members of that doomed race, a long idleness and failure; she had done by her, in every respect, as she would by an own child, for although she totally misapprehended the girl, Mrs. Rowe, in her way, was attached to her.

Jessie Rowe rose, and walked up and down the parlor, her hands locked tightly together, in a torture of suffering that very few would have understood. The very idea of binding, choking her life down to the daily toil of a factory girl, and jarring her sensitive nerves with its ceaseless whirl and confusion, was

one that thrilled every fibre of her nature with intense suffering; the wild, free, glorious spirit within her, rose up, and shook its wings, and panted madly against its bars; but its fierce, incoherent cries broke in moans over the lips of Jessie Rowe!

And there was none to pity, or to understand, and to learn so early that the inheritance of Genius was suffering! God help thee, my Jessie!

But, in that mighty struggle of her soul, it was not strange that the heart of the little girl should look about for some human help and counsel. She would have flown to Abbie, but she had gone into an adjoining village on a visit to some relatives; and then, suddenly, there leaped into Jessie's mind the thought of Mrs. Price. This lady and she had always been on good terms, and the girl had a grateful remembrance of the time when she went to the district school, and on cold Winter days the good woman would call her in, make her warm her hands by the pleasant kitchen fire, and fill them with gingerbread.

It took Jessie but a moment to throw on her sunbonnet, and then the little rapid figure was on the way toward the hills, for Mrs. Price lived just over them, about two miles from the sea shore.

"Why, Jessie, what's to pay now?"

Mrs. Price was kneading some biscuit for supper, when the little girl suddenly presented herself in the kitchen, and the wild, haggard face startled the woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Price, I wish I was dead. Can't you help me?" The child's voice might have touched a stouter heart's than that which dwelt in the dumpy little body's who heard it.

"Tell me what's the matter? that's the fust question," setting down her bread trough, and wiping her hands on a towel.

"Grandma says I must go to work in the paper mill, and it crushes and burns me right here," laying her hands on her heart, and looking up with a helpless appeal into the woman's face.

"Now, Jessie," said Mrs. Price, with that positive, though not unkindly tone of hers, "Jest try and git a little cooler. It don't do any good to go into spasmodics anyhow. Why, child, how you shake. Sit right down here in the chair!" and she took off her bonnet, and smoothed her hair gently.

The soft touch went to Jessie's heart; she leaned her head on Mrs. Price's arm, and the

sobs and the thick tears broke out. Mrs. Price let her "have her cry out." She knew she would be relieved after it.

"Now, Jessie," when the child had grown calmer, "we'll go and sit in the other room on the lounge, for betwixt your trouble, and your long walk, you're about done up.

"Don't you know it never does any good to go into flusterations over anythin' in this world?"

Mrs. Price's sensible way of viewing things always had its effect upon her listeners. Jessie almost clung to her, as they went in, and she seated her on the lounge, and took a chair where she could look directly in her face.

"Jessie, what's the reason you don't want to go to the paper mill to work? The girls there all like it, and get good wages, and the work ain't hard."

"But I ain't like the other girls, Miss Price. It chokes me all up here, to think of it. I'd rather go and live out in the woods, in a cave, all the days of my life."

"And have you told your Grandma this?"

"Yes; but she says I must do somethin' or we shall starve, and she don't understand me."

"Well, Jessie, she's right, in part; you ought to do somethin'. I don't b'lieve God ever sent anybody into the world, without He sent some work for 'em to do along with it. Still, different folks has different sorts o' work to do, and I al'ays approve o' findin' out first what it is. Now, Jessie, what's yours?"

It seemed a great pity that Mrs. Price had not been highly cultivated. With her keen penetration, her rare good sense, she might have exerted a social influence on a wide scale. Still the little wife of Jason Price did her work where it was set for her, as few do it in the world.

"I don't know," said Jessie, mournfully.

"Well, jest think a minute. Would you like to learn a trade?"

"Oh, no; that would be just as bad as the paper mill?"

"Or go into a store?"

"No, no."

"Well, child, what can you do with your hands. You ain't got 'em there for nothin'."

Jessie held up her hands, and looked at them with a wistful earnestness, that at another time would have made Mrs. Price smile. They were peculiar hands, long and brown, with long, thin, tapering fingers, such as belonged to all the Rowe's.

The child shook her head sadly, after a moment's inspection of these.

"Well, sometimes, when folk's hands ain't good for much, their head or heels serve 'em, though I must say, I don't think it's any great credit to have a gift for dancin', or that you'd do much that way, Jessie."

"No; I never could teach dancin'," very sorrowfully.

"You haven't no great voice for singin', I reckon."

"I can't turn a tune to save my life."

"Well, then, you're fond o' your book, ain't you. How would you like school teachin', if you had an eddication?"

The child looked up with sudden brightness.

"Oh, yes, *Miss Price*, I should dearly like to teach school, if I had an education."

"You're certain o' that, *Jessie Rowe*?" queried the little woman, with her keen eyes on the girl's face; "if you'd a good eddication, you'd like to teach school better than anything else in the world?"

"I know I should; but you see, *Grandma* had to take me out afore I was twelve, and I haven't been a day since."

Mrs. Price sat silently meditating a few minutes. Then she rose up, saying, "Now *Jessie*, I've got to go and get that bread inter the oven, and by that time the cows'll be home for me to milk. You jest lie down here, and don't fret yourself any more; only try to get a little nap, for you ain't strong enough for such a flusterin' as you've undergone. I'll see what can be done for you, and you know when *Jane Price* says she'll do a thing, it's *did*."

"Well, you'll promise me I needn't go to the paper mill to work, anyhow?" taking both the woman's hands, and looking with her great eager eyes into her face, as though life itself depended upon the answer.

"Yes, you foolish child. I'll promise you, and now lie right down, for I won't hear another word;" and *Mrs. Price* drew down the window curtain, and left the room.

And with the shadow of a smile skirting her pale lips, *Jessie Rowe* fell back on the lounge, and fell asleep.

Two hours later, *Mrs. Price* woke her up, for tea was ready. It was always a pleasure to take supper at *Mrs. Price's*, as that lady's rare culinary skill, and bountiful hospitality piled her table with all kinds of home-made luxuries. *Jessie* had the eclectic appetite which usually accompanies such organizations as hers, and she enjoyed keenly the snowy

biscuit, the delicious loaf cake, the nice plum preserves, and dried beef with which her somewhat lymphatic, but very kind-hearted host heaped her plate.

After tea was over, *Mrs. Price* summoned her to the front room, for a private interview. She there, in her usual abrupt manner, informed the child that she had taken the matter into consideration while she was milking, and concluded, as she wasn't good for nothing, anyhow, it was best to send her to school, and see if anything could be made out of her, although *Mrs. Price* had not the slightest hope of this.

"And now," she continued, "we ain't got any family o' our own, but *Jason Price* ain't a very forehanded man, and he's got a heap o' poor relations, too. Still, as I say, *Jessie*, there's no hopes of you any other way, and so I'm goin' to be big fool enough to try what school teachin' will do for you, and get laughed at for my pains in the end, I've no doubt. It costs twelve dollars a term, at the Academy, and there's two on 'em a year. So that'll be twenty-four, and to send you two years, with books, and clothin', won't fall far short o' a hundred and fifty dollars. Now, if I'll lend this to you, will you agree, on your solemn honor, to pay it by teachin', after you're through?"

"O—h, *Miss Price*!" exclaimed *Jessie*, utterly overwhelmed by this offer.

"Now, don't stand there, gapin' at me in such a scared fashion; but jest say yes or no, child, the Lord givin' you strenth."

"Yes, the Lord givin' me strenth," repeated *Jessie*, solemnly.

"Well, now, put on your bonnet, and budge straight home, for it's late. To-morrow I'm going into town, and I'll see about gettin' you some clothes, and you'll have to come over here, and have 'em made up right off."

"Oh, *Miss Price*, how can I thank you, how can —" she burst into tears of joy.

"Now, jest get out o' my house as quick as you can, *Jessie Rowe*. I don't want any babies round me; and mind you don't get into any more spasms, cause I shall keep my eye on you sharp," and tying on the girl's bonnet, *Mrs. Price* led her to the door, and fairly pushed her out of the house, reminding her not to forget to show herself day after to-morrow, if it was pleasant.

So, *Jessie Rowe* went on her way homeward. It was a quiet, early Autumn night, and the soft winds from the sea throbbed among the leaves, and the fire-flies shot across

the fields, and the voices of the woods were sweet and manifold to the heart of the little girl—that heart that now throbbed to a tune of such rapturous happiness. She was not the same little girl whose wild feet had beat that wood-path two hours ago! So, as she went slowly on, the stars came out and set the night with jewels, and the stars came out, too, in the life of Jessie Rowe.

"Well, Jessie, pretty time for you to be hazin' round o' nights," was Mrs. Rowe's opening salutation, as the girl bounded into the kitchen.

She was too eager to tell her story to heed this oburgation.

"Grandma, I'm not goin' to the paper mill; I'm goin' to school!" and then she detailed to her astonished auditor the result of her afternoon's visit to Mrs. Price.

"It's all talk and nonsense," answered Grandmother Rowe, her self-love considerably wounded on finding her opinions thus set at naught. "You're got more eddication now than's well for you, and I'd like to know what good all their learnin' ever did the Rowe's! It'll be time and money thrown away, or worse, and I never'll give my consent to your goin' anywhere but to the paper mill."

She had roused a spirit she little dreamed of—a spirit before whose resolute determination her own must be as flax before flame.

The girl braced herself against the wall, and her face settled down into a look of still-born purpose such as Mrs. Rowe had never seen there before. "Well, Grandma, you may send me to the paper mill, but I'll never come back to this roof after it, as long as I live."

The old woman looked at her in astonishment, for Jessie was usually a docile child, with only occasional fits of nervousness and ill-temper, for of course she was easily excited or annoyed.

"Well, Jessie, I didn't think you'd got so much grit in you. If you go to school, remember you make your own bed, and must lie in it. It's all jest like a Rowe notion, but I must say, I didn't think Miss Price, who's a ra'al sensible woman, would do such a foolish trick."

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, now, Jessie, I am beat! You goin' to be a school teacher!" Such was the exclamation with which Abbie Sears received the news on her return from her visit.

The two girls were walking together on the

sands in the late afternoon, and the tide was going out.

"Why, Abbie, does it seem so strange? What did you expect I'd be?"

"Oh, well," smiling, and looking at her a little curiously, "I always thought you'd be, Jessie Rowe, like nobody else in the world, but devourin' books, and havin' strange visions and thoughts that other folks knew nothin' about."

"Well, I'm goin' to be somethin' more than that!" with a great deal of earnestness; "I'm goin' to be a great scholar, and I shan't stop now until I've studied the languages, and learned the sciences, and read all the great authors—in short, till I'm a thoroughly cultivated lady! Oh, Abbie, you don't know how glorious it seems to feel that this long smotherin' and achin' inside of me is gone. I know now what it meant; I wanted *knowledge*, and I shall have it! I shall have it!" she repeats, with gleeful exultation, and the soft winds dance in her hair.

"Mercy! you'll be so grand one of these days," returns Abbie, "I shan't dare to speak to you. Now, isn't it funny—in the last week I've made up my mind, too, what I should be!"

"Have you; what is it?"

"I'm goin' to learn a milliner's trade. I never could chain *myself* down to school-teachin', though you know I've had a real good district school education?"

"I know it, Abbie; but shall you like to be a milliner?"

"First rate; you know I always *did* love to fuss with bonnets. I've engaged to go into the city, and board with Aunt Myra's folks, and commence next week. But I shall be home every Friday night, to stay until Monday morning, so we shan't be separated, Jessie. And then, you see, it's high time I was doin' somethin', for father's gettin' old, and his salary isn't large, and I kinder hate to ask him for the things I want."

These three years have wrought more of outward change with Abbie Sears, than they have with her companion. They have rounded the soft cheeks, and crimson lips, and given a new charm and piquancy to the fair face, always full of laughter. The head, with its brown, wavy hair knotted up with careless ease, has the old habit of wavy motion, and the light, symmetrical figure a rare grace of movement. Abbie Sears is hardly beautiful, but she is developing into a rarely pretty girl, and she has that flow of spirits, and those lively, social

ways which always make a woman a favorite with the other sex.

"Come, girls," says a voice, so close at hand that it makes the two start suddenly, "if you'll go round by the cove, and jump into my boat, I'll give you a sail."

"Oh, let's go, Jessie," responds Abbie, eagerly. "The tide's going out, and it's as smooth as glass."

"Well, I must run up to the house, and tell Grandma, because I promised her the last time we were out in that dreadful squall, that I'd never set my foot inside a boat again, without first tellin' her!"

"Oh, Jessie, you're not such a goose as to take that trouble. Come along; there's no danger."

"But I promised, Abbie."

"What if you did? You're old enough to judge about the danger as well as she?"

"But it would be a lie, Abbie!" and you know, by the tone in which she pronounces that word, that a lie is to her a thing of utter horror, and loathing, and that the character of Jessie Rowe, whatsoever be its faults and weaknesses, has an anchor sure and steadfast.

"Now, isn't she a funny, conscientious little body?" sneers Abbie, good-naturedly, to her brother, as they watch Jessie's flying figure. "I wouldn't take all that trouble, I know."

"Well, there ain't another girl in Christendom, so good and conscientious as Jessie Rowe," responds Stephen, who is grown into a tall, slender, very good-looking youth of eighteen. In a few minutes Jessie returns, with "Now, I'm all ready;" and the three proceeded down the sands towards the cove, half a mile beyond.

Mrs. Price, as she said, "never did things by halves." She was a woman who possessed that rare skill at all kinds of feminine handicraft which gives its possessor such a character for general usefulness. She succeeded admirably at mantua making or millinery, though she had never learned either trade; indeed, with her natural taste and ingenuity, she often excelled all others at these things. She set about furnishing Jessie's wardrobe with her usual energy, and before the opening of the term, the girl was provided with nice worsted dresses, tasteful bonnet, and shawl, and scarcely knew herself as she looked in the glass at her changed *personnelle*.

Mrs. Rowe watched all these arrangements with scarcely concealed displeasure, muttering it was all money thrown away, which might have been expended for the good of the family.

However, as Sim agreed to pay fifty cents a week out of his salary, the old lady was somewhat comforted.

Mrs. Price could scarcely have defined the cause of the warm interest she took in the girl, but the little woman's intentions were clearer than her intellect, and she felt there were undiscovered forces in Jessie Rowe's character, and as kindness to another always draws the benefactor towards its object, she constantly felt her interest increase in the girl, and Jessie passed more than half the weeks that intervened, before the opening of school, with Mrs. Price, for it was necessary she should be on hand for that lady to fit her dresses.

Colonel Rowe regretted very much this project of Jessie's, because, he said, he should have nobody to talk to, or walk with him in the garden. The old man was slowly failing, and still read the newspaper and Thomas Jefferson.

It was with much palpitating of soul and nerve Jessie Rowe made her advent at the Academy on the hill, about half a mile from Mrs. Price's residence. It was a large school, with departments for boys and girls, over which were installed two well-qualified teachers. Jessie's backwardness, of course, assigned her a place in the lowest classes, but small of her years, as she was, this elicited no surprise. Then, she was a shy, quiet child, and did not at first attract much notice. She applied herself diligently to her studies, and soon made rapid leaps in these—leaps that outstripped her physical strength, and sent her home many a time almost frantic with torturing headaches, or utterly exhausted with nervous weakness. Still, Mrs. Price was a most judicious nurse, and she watched her protegee jealously, and compelled her to a strict regimen of diet and exercise.

So, new fountains of knowledge opened themselves daily to Jessie Rowe—the springs of her mind gained strength and elasticity, and silent, but mighty forces were now nourishing the girl's nature. It was well, too, that she had no warm school friends at this time; that she passed among the scholars for a shy, inoffensive school girl, who wrote very remarkable compositions, and was wholly engrossed in her studies. Jessie's nature had not, at this time, space for deep emotional

epochs; they must have strained it too intensely, as with her temperament an affection was a great overruling passion; but this time was, with her, as I said, one of silent growth and nourishment.

The short December day was settling into night. It had snowed since early morning, for the earth seemed arraying herself for her bridal with the new year. The bare trees stood like spectres under their white burdens, and the farm fences were almost hidden under thick matings of snow, and the clouds sifted down thicker and larger pearls, as the day closed.

Mrs. Price was sewing by her cheerful birchwood fire in her cosy sitting room. Occasionally the little woman lifted her head, and her round, black eyes glanced out of the window, with some such monologue as this:

"I declare, this snow's no cheatin'-faced affair. We'll have to take to the chambers afore long, if it keeps on; such of us, as ain't a particular fancy for bein' buried alive. As for that little pester, Jessie Rowe, she'll be stormed in here, no tellin' how long, and botherin' me almost out o' my life."

Mrs. Price was always ready to avail herself of any excuse to keep Jessie at her house over night, and betwixt the girl's frequent illnesses, and the inclement weather, these were not seldom wanting, though the little woman was half ashamed to acknowledge even to herself her growing attachment to the girl, but Jessie fortunately understood her.

The front door was suddenly burst open, and a small figure, its cloak and hood thickly sifted with snow, bounded into the room.

"I've got it; I've got it;" cried a voice tremulous with delight, and a pair of eyes with deep lights and shadows, danced under the hood.

"Now, Jessie Rowe, if that isn't jest like you, burstin' into the room in another of your tantrums, and pretty near scarin' the wits out o' me! Stand still a moment, like a sane person, if you can, and tell what you've got."

"I've got the prize for composition! It's a gold pencil!" and Jessie pulls a dainty, oblong case from her pocket, and gives it to her benefactress.

She opens it with imperturbable gravity, inspects the delicately chased pencil, and utters half ungraciously her congratulations.

"Well, it's a pretty thing, I must say, and I s'pose they wouldn't have given it to you

if you hadn't deserved it. See here, Jessie, what have you dropped on the floor!" glancing down on a small piece of paper which the girl had pulled from her pocket in her haste.

Jessie takes it up, looks at it, and is silently replacing it in her pocket.

"What is that, Jessie?"

"Oh, nothing, Mrs. Price, only some scriblings of mine."

"What kind o' scribblin's?"

"Some verses I composed on my way home the other night, and I wrote them at noon to-day on this paper."

"Is it a composition for school?"

"Oh, no; I wish we could choose our own subjects. I could write so much better."

"Well, do let's hear it."

"Oh, I can't, Mrs. Price."

"Now, Jessie, don't go to puttin' on any airs with me; if it's worth writin', it's worth hearin'."

She hesitates a moment, and the blood burns in her sallow cheeks, as she unfolds the paper, but there is no getting rid of Mrs. Price, and so, with a tremulous voice, she begins:

THE LIGHT HOUSE BY THE SEA.

Ox the brow of the beetling crag, and high,
Standeth the grim old Tower,
Watching the sweet-faced stars go by;
A golden Idyl upon the sky,
A choral of praise and power

Thickly the tremoes, green and grey,
Of the sea-weed, bind its feet,
And the voices of little children stray
Up to its echoes, amid their play,
And fill it with laughter sweet.

But when hungry waves, on the yellow bars
Open their jaws of foam,
And the spray shoots up in crystal spars,
And the winds howl fierce anathemas,
High on its granite throne,

Standeth the Tower, its forehead calm,
Wearing, over the night,
A Rubric crimson, an opal Charm,
Sending across the waves a Psalm,
To the ship that heaves in sight.

And the sailor sees that Message leap
Like a smile across the storm,
And he knows that neither the breakers' shriek,
Nor the curse he hears in the trampling fleet,
Shall do his good ship harm.

May that Tower, O God, in the stormy sky
Be set as a Sign to me!

And all through life may I hear this cry,
When the winds and the waves are passing by,

"The Light House by the Sea!"

Jessie began, as I said, with a tremulous voice, but it strengthened as she proceeded, and her tones gave to the words a deeper spirit and beauty, for she possessed that rare endowment in man or woman, a voice of rich and flexible variety—a voice whose tones were in themselves melody and sentiment—and Mrs. Price put down her work, and listened as one listens to the rise and fall of a majestic anthem.

"Well, Jessie Rowe, I must say there's something to you, if you wrote that," was the almost involuntary rejoinder, as the reader ceased.

"But now do you go right straight up stairs, and see if your stockings or shoes is wet, and if they be, change 'em in a jiff. I don't want you sick on my hands all this vacation o' two weeks, and there's a chance o' my havin' you most of it, for the roads won't get opened in one while, and mind now, you don't get into one o' your dreams, and stay up there in a maze till your'e froze stiff. I'll make you a glass o' hot sling, too, jest to get the cold out o' your bones, for there's nothin' like it, when one's been out in a storm."

And as Mrs. Price poured the spirits into the tumbler, she muttered to herself, with sundry energetic shakings of her head, "Got the prize, eh; that tells its own story. You wasn't mistaken after all, Jane Price, when you said there was somethin' to that girl!"

So Jessie passed two-thirds of the Winter vacation with Mrs. Price, who alternately scolded and petted her.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Guess what I've got here?" asked Abbie Sears, as she bounded into the kitchen just on the edge of a March evening.

Jessie had just set the candle on the little cherry stand, preparatory to learning her history lesson.

"I'm sure I don't know, Abbie. Oh, you're at your old tricks again!" looking up at the mischievous face about which the March wind had blown the hair, while the girl's hands were held tightly behind her.

"Well, come now, try. You always were good at guessin'."

"Guessing, not guessin', Abbie."

"Oh, well, you can't expect I should converse like so learned a lady as yourself. But here 'tis. Now, believe your eyes, if you can, Jessie Rowe!"

She holds up a weekly New York literary paper before the girl, and points to some verses

in the poet's corner. The blood flashes into Jessie's face, and then a cry of delighted surprise breaks from her lips, as she recognizes her poem. The editor has prefaced its publication with a flattering notice.

"This is a pearl poem, written, as we understand, by a very young lady; but the soul that conceived these verses will one day wear a name high and honorable among the children of Genius."

Many changes flush over Jessie's face, reading these words, then she bursts into tears.

"Well, now, Jessie, I'd take it in a better way than that! It's all Steve's doings, too, for you see, I found this in your room one day, and took it home unbeknown to you, and read it to our people. Cousin Joshua Banks, in New York, is learning the printers' trade, and Steve just sent it to him, with a request that he'd get it published in the best paper he could. It came to-night; Steve's off fishing, and so I opened it, though he'll be real vexed when he gets back, and finds I've brought it up here, for he wanted to do this himself."

"Tell him I thank him more than words can tell, Abbie."

"Come over and tell him yourself. I can't stay here a moment, for I'm expecting some friends from town this evening."

"Oh, I can't, Abbie. I wouldn't see a stranger for the world, just now."

"That's like you, exactly, Jessie Rowe. I might have known you'd taken it all just so. But I mustn't stand here parleying; so good-night, if you won't come," and gathering her shawl over her head, Abbie Sears hurries away. Jessie reads her verses over greedily several times by the light of the tallow candle.

Then Mrs. Rowe comes into the kitchen, and the sound of her voice jars the girl's soul beyond endurance. She goes out into the night, though it is blustering with March winds, that fairly shake her to and fro. Banks of angry clouds are heaped up on the sky, but betwixt them shine breadths of blue, like pools of still waters, in which the stars are set. The girl goes down to the pine grove, through whose branches the winds beat with the voice of a mighty organ. It is her favorite place, this old grove of pines, with its soft moanings, and its fierce anathemas, like the voices of a human soul, and here, under the pines, on the wild March night, there first dawned upon the soul of Jessie Rowe, her Mission on earth; she has found her Gift, her Work. It is to stir the souls of men, and women, and little children, with song, and story, and lofty teach-

ings. It is to reach all homes, and all hearts; to sound somewhat of the mighty mysteries of Love and Hate, of Time and Eternity, of Life and Death, with the still small voice of her pen. She knows, now, that she is "set apart, and consecrated," that a mighty Gift has been committed to her soul, and with a kind of solemn exultation, she kneels down on the dead leaves and branches, under the old pines, and looking up to the stars, with her clasped hands, she cries, "Father, may I consecrate this talent Thou hast committed to me, unto Thy Glory!" and then she rises up, and walks homeward, but a new Life has dawned in the soul of Jessie Rowe!

"Oh, Sim, what a nice wheelbarrow full of sods! How smooth you have cut them!"

"Yes; I got 'em in that hollow west o' the meadow there!" exclaims the youth, as he wheels them into the front yard, which Jessie has, by dint of much entreaty, and promise of personal assistance, prevailed on him to sod. He has carted rich loam from the meadows, and covered the low, sandy yard in front of the house, which stands a few feet from the road, and it is now all prepared for its covering of sods.

Sim has not greatly improved since we first met him on the door step, nearly four years ago. His figure is broader, and somewhat taller, but the huge, ungainly limbs are awkward as ever, and he has still the same burly head, and bustling hair, and broad, freckled face. Simeon is a rather angular character, very mulish at times, but he is honest, and industrious, and occasionally obliging, as is evinced by his sodding the front yard.

Sim takes up the spade, and the two commence matching the sods. Jessie works eagerly, for beauty and grace of surroundings is beginning to be a great need in the girl's soul. Colonel Rowe sits in the front door, and watches the two, and fills the tin dipper with water from the pail at his side, and passes it to his granddaughter every time she sprinkles the grass. The soft May winds blow the white locks around the old man's forehead, but he talks with his grandchildren, and is happy while he watches them as a little child.

"I shall plant flowers along the edge of the grass, and so we'll have a border on each side; one of the girls has promised me two dahlia roots, and another a cinnamon rose bush. Besides that, Mrs. Price has procured me some variegated lady slipper seeds, and promised

me some beautiful pinks. What a change it will make round here! There, Sim, that sod doesn't fit in tight. I shall have a woodbine running all over the front of the house, and shaking its crimson bells to the wind. Grandpa, another dipper of water, if you please."

"Yes; you'll want a good many dippers o' water, if you expect this grass to live—unless there should be pretty smart rains," responds the gruff tones of Sim, as he strikes his spade on the sods.

"Springs have altered since I was a boy," winds in the tremulous voice of Colonel Rowe. "They used to plant potatoes and corn the first of May, and now they don't get them in the ground before June."

"What, giv out so quick, Jessie?" questions Sim, seeing the girl leaning breathless against the house.

"Yes; I can't lay another sod, Sim."

"Wa-al, we'll leave the other side until to-morrow night. That does look kinder purty, don't it?"

"Oh, it looks beautiful, Sim!" and as her glad eyes behold the change already wrought in the front yard, she presses her hands on her side, and feels that she is paid for the sharp pain there.

Another Summer went by, the happiest of Jessie Rowe's life. She grew in body and soul; and one evening in September, on the last day of the term, she bounded into Mrs. Price's kitchen, whose house had now become quite as much a home to her as the old brown one by the sea shore.

"Well, what is it?" was that lady's first interrogation, for the girl's face had a story to tell. It was something more than the handsomely bound volume of Scott's poems, which she had received at the close of another term.

"Don't you think they want me to take charge of the Juvenile classes in reading, and spelling, and writing. It would occupy but two hours, and I can study the rest."

"They've offered to give me a dollar a week. Just think of that, Mrs. Price?"

"That's comin' on, Jessie, certain!" was the lady's guarded response, but there was a pleased twinkle in her black eyes.

"To think, too, they have so much confidence in me. I was quite overwhelmed."

"Well, Jessie, it seems you was right. School teachin' is your work in life."

"No; it isn't," cried Jessie Rowe, with one of those up-flashings of her soul into her eyes, which made her whole face luminous.

Mrs. Price looked at her in great amazement. "Isn't teachin' your work, Jessie Rowe? Then what in the world is it?"

"It's a grander, a higher, a more glorious work even than this," answered Jessie Rowe. "Sakes alive! what is it, then?"

At that moment Mr. Price presented his lank, lymphatic self at the kitchen door.

"Jessie," he slowly articulated, "Tim (the hired man) has jest brought me a letter for you, directed to my care," and he looked curiously at the buff envelope, and the bold hand.

"A letter for me; oh, let me have it, quick!" The words palpitated through Jessie's lips, and her limbs shook so, she could hardly move forward to receive it. She rushed with it into the other room. Mr. and Mrs. Price stood dumb with astonishment. No mortal guessed how much hung on that letter.

The girl tore open the envelope, with trembling fingers; a bank note fell from the letter, and Jessie read these words:

"DEAR MISS:

We have received your story, and are pleased with it. We enclose you five dollars for the article, our usual price for those of that length.
Respectfully.

Five dollars for the Summer's work. Yet, as Jessie Rowe crumpled that note in her throbbing fingers, she felt richer than you who read this story, though you may count your wealth by hundreds of thousands.

Unknown to any human being, she had fashioned her simple little tale, and with many prayers, many flutterings of hope and fear, she had sent it to a Boston publisher, and this was the result.

There were tears in the girl's eyes, but smiles on her lips, as she went back to the kitchen, and found the husband and wife standing just where she had left them.

She went up to Mrs. Price, carrying the open letter in her hands. "You asked me what my Life work was, and this letter answers you!" And when the little woman came clearly to comprehend the whole thing, she looked at her protegee with a new curiosity and reverence.

"You're certainly a remarkable girl, Jessie Rowe, and there's no two ways about it!"

"For me, Jessie, for me, and you earned it?" Mrs. Rowe repeated these words several times, in utter bewilderment, looking first from her grandchild to the dark, striped worsted dress

which Jessie had just laid in her lap, and for which she had expended two of the dollars she had received from her Boston publisher. Mrs. Price had selected, and made the gown.

"Yes, Grandma, I earned it all myself, with a story that I wrote; and I thought you deserved a new gown, after working so long, and here it is. How do you like it?"

"It's a perfect beauty, Jessie—a perfect beauty!" the old woman surveyed the stripes admiringly, and then quite overcome, she burst into tears.

"I never expected to see the day, Jessie, when a Rowe'd get me a new gown. I ain't had one for the last seven years, savin' them two calicoes. I've worked, and slaved from the second year I was married, to support what was left o' my own family, and Colonel Rowe's. I never got so much as a thank ye! from mortal lips, as you well know, Jessie. And now, it's more'n I can bear, to have anybody make me such a present."

Mrs. Rowe certainly had had a hard time of it, and the sight of her tears moved Jessie.

"Well, don't cry any more, Grandma. I'm in hopes, one of these days, you'll have as many dresses as you want, and not have to work so hard, either."

"Well, Jessie, I ask your pardon, if I've ever said anything hard on the Rowe's. Perhaps I'm too much given to talkin' and scoldin', but somehow, it al'ays did seem to me that family was a dreadful misfortunate race, though they had the best blood o' the land in their veins, and I'm proud o' your grandfather's learnin'; but in speakin' of 'em in future, I'll always remember there was one on 'em that earned me a gown," and she looked at her granddaughter with new respect, as this fact exalted her forever, in the old woman's estimation.

The young girl hurried out of the house, to indulge a hearty laugh at the compliment, on her way to pass the afternoon with Abbie Sears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOCIETY.—How beautiful is it ordered that, as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all, and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burthens.

SABLES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"JANE!"

The young lady thus addressed, slightly turned her head, but did not respond in words.

"Did you hear me, Jane?"

"Certainly; I'm not hard of hearing," was answered, in a very undutiful way, considering the relation which existed between the two—that of mother and daughter.

"I want my needle book. You will find it in the upper drawer of my bureau."

Instead of doing what her mother desired, Jane arose, her manner showing great indifference, and crossing the apartment, gave the bell a quick jerk.

"I didn't ask you to ring for Ellen," said Mrs. Dunlap, showing considerable irritation. "My request was for you to get my needle book."

And the vexed mother got up hastily, and went out to do the little errand for herself. The servant a moment after came in.

"Did you ring, Miss Jane?"

"Mother wants you, I believe."

"Where is she?"

"Over in her room."

The young lady spoke in a very ungracious way.

Ellen, who had a weary, overtasked look, ascended another flight of stairs, and met Mrs. Dunlap at the door of her room.

"Did you want me, Ma'am?"

"No, Ellen;" her tone was kind.

"I thought you rung for me?" said the girl.

"It was a mistake, Ellen; and I'm sorry you were brought all the way up here for nothing, tired as you are."

The girl returned to her work, and Mrs. Dunlap to the sitting-room.

"I don't know what you keep servants for, if you don't make them wait on you," said Jane.

"When I want their services, I will call upon them," replied the mother, with some severity of manner. "And, hereafter, let it be understood that no servant is to be called for me, unless I ask to have it done."

Jane tossed her head in a way so like contempt, that Mrs. Dunlap was able, only by an effort, to keep back words of angry reproof. But experience had taught her that nothing

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of good for her vain, proud, self-willed child, was to be gained in angry contention. And so, with tears of sadness and vexation dimming her eyes, she bent her head low over the work upon which she was engaged.

Mr. Edwin Dunlap, the husband and father, was present, but during the occurrence of this little scene had not spoken a word, nor seemed to heed what was passing. The sofa upon which he sat stood at one end of the room, and he was removed from the lights. Neither his wife nor daughter noticed the depressed, abstracted manner which a close observer would have marked as indicative of some unusual trouble.

"Father!" The idle girl leaned back in the rocking chair that held her almost useless person, and turned her head partly around towards the sofa on which her father was sitting.

He did not answer.

"Father! Do you hear me?"

"Yes; what is it?" The voice of Mr. Dunlap was neither clear nor steady.

"Can't I have sables this winter? I've set my heart on it. I saw a muff and tippet to-day, for two hundred and fifty dollars, that are superb. Just what I want, and must have."

Mr. Dunlap did not reply, and so his daughter came again to the charge.

"You say yes, of course. When shall I get them? To-morrow?"

He was still silent.

"Very well. Silence gives consent. I'll call at the store to-morrow morning, and get the money. I knew you would let me have them. Oh, but they are elegant! The handsomest set I have seen this season."

And the young lady rocked herself with an air of the most perfect self-satisfaction.

But her father had not said a word. There was something in his manner that caused Mrs. Dunlap to let her hands fall in her lap, and look towards him with an expression of concern on her face. He had again relapsed into the state of abstraction from which the remarks of his daughter had aroused him, and now sat with his chin almost touching his breast. What was the picture in his mind?

We will make an effort to reproduce it.

A small room, the floor covered with a poor quality of striped carpet—walls not even papered. A cherry breakfast table; four Windsor chairs; a pair of brass candlesticks on the mantel-piece; and figured paper blinds at the windows. This is nearly a complete schedule of the furniture. The inmates are himself and young wife. He has just returned from his days' work as porter in a large drug store. The leaves of the cherry breakfast table are spread open, and the top covered with a snowy table cloth, made white by the hands of his wife. The same hands have prepared their evening meal; and though the tea service is scant and plain, yet love and hope are smiling above their humble board, as they sit together, and talk of the coming future.

That was the picture! But it faded soon, though while it remained distinct, it was vivid as life itself. Poor, industrious, frugal, self-reliant, Mr. Dunlap and his wife had started in the world just twenty years before. Step by step had they ascended the ladder of fortune, until they stood high up among their fellows.

Like pictures in a kaleidoscope, life-scene after life-scene came and went, each showing some marked change in their external condition, until wealth and luxury crowned their toil and self-denial.

Mr. Dunlap had been naturally proud of his success in life; and we will not wonder that, from the eminence upon which he stood, he sometimes looked down with feelings of self-confidence and self-congratulation.

But to-night self-confidence and self-reliance were gone. He had built his fortune on what seemed an immovable foundation. But it proved to be one of sand, yielding with strange and frightful suddenness, and letting the beautiful edifice he had erected with such care and labor, sink into hopeless ruin.

Sables, at two hundred and fifty dollars! No wonder the unhappy man, in whose mind the certainty of his ruin, as a merchant, was gaining more palpable form every moment, did not reply. And no wonder the indolence and pride of his indulged and spoiled child, intruding at the moment, sent memory back to wipe the dust from pictures of the long ago.

Was she better than they were? Better than the faithful wife, her mother, who had walked in patient, humble industry by his side in the Spring-time of life? Even in his deep trouble of mind, the thought disturbed, and almost angered Mr. Dunlap. Not the incident of this evening alone, so far as Jane

was concerned, now fretted him; but many incidents which intruded themselves like unwelcome guests, involving such false ideas of life, and such miserable pride and vanity, that he turned, half loathing, from the mental image of his child.

"If riches come at a price like this, then wealth is a curse instead of a blessing!"

The thought seemed scarcely his own, as he gave it involuntary mental utterance. Yet, almost strange to say, the fearful image of misfortune, which had glared in the face of Mr. Dunlap, lost some of its repulsive features.

"The stern discipline of misfortune, I have heard it said, is always salutary."

How timely came the suggestion. It was an hour of pain and darkness; and yet the hand, as of an angel, was among the clouds.

"Jane." It was the voice of Mrs. Dunlap, that broke the silence of the apartment.

"Well, what's wanted?"

Jane was awakened from a dream of vanity and triumph. She was, already, in imagination, wearing the sables, and eclipsing certain young ladies whose pride she wished to humble. They had only mink, or martin at best, and she would hurt their eyes with sables.

"Jane, I wish you would go up to the large closet in the third story passage, and bring me a small bundle, tied with a piece of red cord, which lies on the top shelf."

"I'll ring for Ellen, if you desire it?" answered Jane, without moving.

"When I ask you to ring for a servant, you can do so," said Mrs. Dunlap, with unconcealed displeasure.

"I don't know what you have servants for, if you don't make them wait on you," retorted Jane, sharply.

Mr. Dunlap turned his ear and listened.

"I wish you to get me the bundle," said Mrs. Dunlap. She spoke firmly.

"If there were no servants in the house, it would be fair enough to call on me to run up and down stairs," replied Jane, in increasing ill-nature. "But, as it is, you ask more than is reasonable; I'm not a waiter!"

This was more than Mr. Dunlap could bear. For weeks he had felt the storms of adverse circumstances bearing upon him with a steadily increasing violence; and with all the coolness of a brave commander, he had kept his eyes at the point of danger, and striven with unwearied skill to pass the reefs and currents amidst which his bark was struggling. But the events of that day had shown him that skill, courage, and toil were of no avail. The keel

of his goodly vessel was already jarring among the breakers, and there was no human power that could save her from destruction. Our merchant was no coward. In his way up, he had striven hard, but gained mental stamina in the struggle after fortune. And now, when fortune was ebbing away like a swiftly receding tide, he did not shudder like a weakling. What if his ship were among the breakers? Life was yet safe. And something might be recovered after the hull went to pieces in the storm. And so, he was already nerving himself for the worst.

The last remark of his daughter was more, we have said, than Mr. Dunlap could bear. It had not been his intention to make known to his family, for a day or two yet, the painful trials that too surely awaited them. But this little scene excited a new train of thought, and he determined to speak out with a plainness that would leave no room for misapprehension. And so he rose from the sofa, and passed slowly towards the centre of the room. Both Mrs. Dunlap and Jane looked up into his face, and both half started with surprise at its paleness and strange expression.

"Sables? Did I hear aright, Jane?" Mr. Dunlap looked at his daughter in a wild kind of way. There was something in his voice that sent a shiver along her nerves.

"Yes, Sables," she answered, trying to speak in a firm and decided tone.

"You shall have them; and they shall be dark as midnight!"

Oh, with what a startling tone of bitterness were the words uttered.

The face of Jane grew pale, and the busy hands of her mother fell motionless in her lap.

"Yes, you shall have sables; but of another kind than those about which you have been so vainly dreaming. Sables for the heart—not for the idle hands and dainty shoulders."

Mr. Dunlap paused in his speech. Already he was conscious of having betrayed himself too far—of having commenced the announcement of approaching misfortune in a wrong and unmanly way.

"Oh, Edwin! What does this mean?" And the faithful, loving, strong-hearted wife, who had walked ever erect by his side, whether the sun shone or the rain fell, sprung forward from her chair, and grasping his arms, looked eagerly in his disturbed face.

Mr. Dunlap was a man of quick self-control. Only a moment or two of resolute repression was required to calm the turbulence of feeling which had been awakened.

"Sit down again," he said, in an even tone; and, as he spoke, he drew his wife towards the sofa from which he had a few moments before arisen. "Jane," he added, turning towards his bewildered daughter, over whose white cheeks the tears were already beginning to fall, "sit down by your mother; I have something to say that deeply concerns you both."

Then Mr. Dunlap took a chair, and drawing it in front of the sofa, sat down. There was a brief struggle for entire self-possession, and then the man was restored to himself.

"Margaret!" There was a tenderness in the tones of Mr. Dunlap's voice that stirred emotions long quiet in the bosom of his wife. "Margaret, as I sat here to-night, a picture of our little home—the first in which we lived together—came up from my memory, and stood before my eyes, with the distinctness of life itself. It looked poor and humble; but, Margaret, there was a sunny warmth in its atmosphere. We were happy—very happy in that little home. Have we been happier since?"

Mrs. Dunlap leaned over towards her husband, and looked with earnest inquiry into his face. His question was strange—his manner strange—his expression strange.

"Say, Margaret—wife—have we been happier since?"

"Happier? What do you mean, Edwin? Why do you ask the question?"

"Because I want it answered in your heart! Think! Have we been happier since?"

"We were very happy then, my husband."

"Though poor!"

"Yes."

"Poor, and toilers for our daily bread. Unknown—unnoticed—and yet happy!"

"And what of it, my husband? What of it?" asked Mrs. Dunlap, with a flushing face.

"Speak out plainly! You frighten me by this strange mystery!"

Mr. Dunlap smiled. With him the bitterness of the trial had already passed. He was now calm and self-possessed.

"If we were happy once, though poor, can we not be poor and happy again?"

"Edwin! Husband!" Mrs. Dunlap's face turned suddenly white. "If anything has gone wrong with you, speak out plainly. Do you not know me?"

"Yes, Margaret, I know you." Then, after a slight pause: "Things *have* gone wrong. The storm that swept so many ships upon a lee shore, and among the breakers, did not spare

mine. I strove hard to bring her safely into port, but strove in vain. She is even now going rapidly to pieces, and we shall save scarcely a timber from the wreck."

"My husband! Has it come to this!" And Mrs. Dunlap laid her head, weeping, upon his breast.

"We have life, Margaret, unsullied hearts, and hope still left. Courage!"

"If you can bear up, Edwin, with the pressure of this great calamity upon you, I have no cause of despondency. I did not think of myself, but you. Oh, to have the hard accumulations of your life-time swept away by a single wave! It is terrible, dear husband! Trust in me; lean upon me; ask of me all things, and my heart will spring to meet your wishes. Oh, if you can but endure the trial bravely, it will have few sufferings for me!"

A wild tempest of weeping burst now from the daughter.

"Jane;" Mrs. Dunlap turned to her child. But Jane, without replying, arose and went from the room. A silence of some moments succeeded her departure. Then, Mr. Dunlap said:

"The ordeal will be a sad one for our proud, indolent child. My heart aches for her. But the discipline cannot fail of good result. We cannot save her from the consequences of misfortune."

"We ought not to save her if we could," answered the mother; "for there are better qualities in her nature, which new relations in life may develop. Wealth has been a snare to her feet, as it has been a snare to the feet of thousands. She has grown up in an atmosphere that has poisoned her blood. Hereafter, she will breathe a pure air; and I trust to its renovating influences."

"Poor child!" said Mr. Dunlap. "I spoke to her in too great bitterness—with too sharp irony. Alas! her sables will be darker than she dreamed."

The mother's hopeful prophecy showed earlier signs of fulfillment than she had anticipated. A short period of time only had elapsed, after Jane left the apartment, before she returned again. Her face was pale, but not distressed; her eyes were red with weeping, yet were they not sad eyes, for the light of love was in them. She paused a moment at the door, looking wistfully at her parents, and then came forward with quick, eager steps.

"Dear Father!" she said, as she paused before them, "let me stand, also, by your side in this day of trouble!"

A thrill went through the frame of Mr. Dunlap, and springing up, he caught Jane in his arms, and hugged her to his heart almost wildly. Then holding her from him, and looking into her face fondly, he said:

"If fortune left so precious a jewel in the bottom of the cup she had drugged with bitterness, she gave blessing instead of cursing. Dear child! Upon the darkness of misfortune, light has arisen."

And now the strong man wept like a woman.

"To-morrow" came; but it did not bring the sables for Jane Dunlap. No, not even for her heart; for a new light had arisen there—a light so warm and radiant that it dispelled gloom from all the chambers of her mind; and not from hers alone, but from those of her parents also. They were happier in misfortune, than they had been in the sunshine of prosperity; for that only played over the delusive surface of their lives. But now, the sun of love, breaking suddenly through the rent clouds, made their hearts warm and fruitful.

THE BOOMERANG.

THIS curious weapon, peculiar to the natives of Australia, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood, nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corners quite sharp. The mode of using it is quite as singular as the weapon. Ask a native to throw it so as to fall at his feet, and away it goes, full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface, at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air, forty or sixty feet, describing a curve, and finally drop at the feet of the thrower. During its course, it revolves with great rapidity, as on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful that so barbarous a people should have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand, it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen; like the Irishman's gun, shooting round the corner equally as straightforward. It was invented to strike the kangaroo, which animal is killed by it with certainty; and, though a copse intervene between the hunter and the animal, the boomerang comes round the corner, and breaks the animal's legs.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

REST.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

WHAT is more welcome to the wearied mind and muscles, than rest? We have dwelt on the necessity of exercise, vigorous, muscular exercise, such as circulates the blood to all parts of the system, opens the pores of the skin to expel impurities, promotes digestion of strong food, or such as the masses consume, yet this exercise, so useful to all, cannot be carried to extremes without injury.

The mind and muscles demand seasons of repose, and must have them. The mind will not bear protracted exercise in a direct channel, without the most serious results. A change of ideas is necessary. Many individuals have lost their reason and their lives, for want of intervals of rest. The nervous system is especially relieved by alternations of activity and repose, and by diversification of impressions. The brain ought to be exercised on a variety of subjects, not at once, but at intervals, and in order. All know how wearied the mind feels when several subjects are presented to it at once. This is the case with a child when too many playthings are given him at once; they confuse his mind, and he takes no pleasure in any of them.

The Scriptures inform us that there is a time for all things—a time for labor and repose. If we labor when our systems demand rest, or rest when our systems demand exercise, we must suffer the inevitable consequences sooner or later. For a time, we may not feel the effects of an unhealthful mode of life—and sometimes it is a long time; but the shock will come, sooner or later.

For what do we live in this world? Is it to toil unceasingly for what we need to make us comfortable; or is it to gain fame—riches that will eat out our hearts? (or at least every principle of kindness or sympathy for those who are beneath us in station; however much superior they are in principle, kindness or knowledge.) Are not many of the wants of society artificial and destructive to health or happiness? Why must fathers toil unceasingly to maintain sons and daughters in extravagance and idleness? Are there no responsibilities resting upon these children to be self-supporting? Who will be able to minister to their extravagant wants, when those on whom they now lean fall in death. Must one human being labor unceasingly, while another loiters unceasingly? No; these things ought not so to be; and God and nature never designed that thus they should be.

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Every human being demands alternations of exercise and repose. Our Creator has so constituted all His creatures that this law of His cannot be violated without fearful results. How much more health and happiness would there be in the world, if every human being would aim to be self-supporting! How much better health would individuals and the masses enjoy, if their wants were more simple!

How often is the man of business so overwhelmed with his unceasing cares, that reason reels from its citadel for want of rest? How often is a fond and indulgent father brought suddenly to the gates of death, because his unceasing cares and toils will not supply the demands made upon his purse! Ought not the sons and daughters of wealth to be more considerate, and less regardless of the demands of Fashion, than they have hitherto been? How much more might they not do to aid in their own support? How many fancied wants might they not leave unsupplied?

How many weary ones would like to obey the summons, "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." To them the invitation is most welcome, and ought to be obeyed. Disease, Insanity, or untimely death will, sooner or later, seize these wearied ones, unless the call is obeyed. The mind needs a change, a repose from constant care or thought in one direction.

O, rest! to all thou art a kind and welcome visitant;

All nature courts thee, and would pine away
Wert thou denied; nought e'er would wear a charm,

And short and wretched here would be our stay.

O, weary man! how sweet to thee is rest!

Gladly ye think upon the silent hour
When cares and toils cease to disturb your breast,
Your drowsy eyes, locked by sweet Phoebe's power

Sweet, playful child, who, through the live-long day

Pursued your joys, and sought the leafy bower,
The time for rest has come—you leave your play,
And listless drop your recent gathered flower.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

DO NOT MAKE EXHIBITIONS OF YOUR CHILDREN'S ATTAINMENTS.

[From an excellent volume, "The Mother at Home," by John S. C. Abbott, we make a few selections. It is published by the Harpers. No mother who loves her children wisely, can read the book without deriving from its varied suggestions most important aid.]

There is no passion more universal than vanity, or with greater difficulty subdued. An eminent clergyman was once leaving his pulpit, when one of his parishioners addressed him, highly commending the sermon he had just uttered. "Be careful, my friend," said the clergyman, "I carry a tinder-box in my bosom." And if the bosom of an aged man of piety and of prayer may be thus easily inflamed, must there not be great danger in *showing off* a child to visitors, who will most certainly flatter its performance? You have taught your daughter some interesting hymns. She is modest and unassuming, and repeats them with much propriety. A friend calls, and you request the child to repeat her hymns. She does it. Thus far there is, perhaps, no injury done. But as soon as she has finished the recitation, your friend begins to flatter the child. Soon another and another friend calls, and the scene is continually repeated, till your daughter feels proud of her performance. She becomes, indeed, quite an actress. And the hymn which was intended to lead her youthful heart to God does but fill that heart with pride. Must it not be so? How can a child withstand such strong temptations?

Parents may very properly show their children that they are gratified in witnessing their intellectual attainments. And this presents a motive sufficiently strong to stimulate them to action. But when they are exposed to the indiscriminate and injudicious flattery of any who may chance to call, it is not for a moment to be supposed that they will retain just views of themselves. It must however be allowed, that, with some children the danger is much greater than with others. Some need much encouragement, while others need continual restraint. Who has not noticed the thousand arts which a vain child will practice, simply to attract attention? Who has not seen such a spoiled one take a book and read, occasionally casting a furtive glance from the page to the visitor, to see if the studious habit is observed? And can such a child be safely *exhibited* to strangers?"

It may, perhaps, at times, be an advantage to a modest child to repeat a hymn, or something of that nature, to a judicious friend. If your pastor feels that interest in children which he ought to cherish, he will regard all the little ones of his congregation with parental affection. He ought

not to be considered as a stranger in the family. Children may appear before him with confidence and affection, and if he has the spirit of his Master, he will cautiously guard against flattery, and endeavor to improve the occasion by leading the mind to serious thoughts. But the practice of making a show of children, of exhibiting their little attainments to attract applause, is certainly reprehensible; and it is, we fear, not only common, but increasing. The following remarks upon this subject are from the pen of an individual who combines much shrewdness of observation with extensive experience.

"I always felt pain for poor little things set up before company to repeat verses, or bits of plays, at six or eight years old. I have sometimes not known which way to look, when a mother, whom I could not but respect on account of her fondness for her child, has forced the feeble-voiced eighth wonder of the world to stand with its little hand stretched out, spouting the soliloquy of Hamlet, or some such thing. I do not know anything much more distressing to the spectators than exhibitions of this sort. Upon these occasions no one knows what to say, or whither to direct his looks. If I had to declare which, on the whole, have been the most disagreeable moments of my life, I verily believe that, after due consideration, I should fix upon those in which parents whom I have respected have made me endure exhibitions like these; for this is your choice, to be insincere, or to give offence. The plaudits which the child receives in such cases puff it up in its own thoughts, and send it out into the world stuffed with pride and insolence, which must and will be extracted from it by one means or another. Now parents have *no right* thus to indulge their own feelings at the risk of the happiness of their children."

Scenes similar to those above described will at once occur to the recollection of every reader. And the fact that such are the feelings of many strangers, in general, is of itself amply sufficient to discountenance the practice.

FINDING FAULT WITH CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding, on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer

to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been, during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.

INQUISITIVENESS IN CHILDREN.

There are many advantages in encouraging an inquisitive spirit in a child. It has entered upon a world where everything is new and astonishing. Of course it is hourly meeting with objects upon which it desires information. But sometimes when a child finds that his parents encourage him in asking questions, he begins to think that it is a very pretty thing. He will be incessantly presenting his inquiries. His motives will cease to be a gratification of a reasonable and commendable curiosity, and he will desire merely to display his skill, or to talk for the sake of talking. It is very necessary to restrain children in this respect. Their motives are generally distinctly to be seen. And if the motive which prompts the question be improper, let the child receive marks of disapprobation, and not of approval.

"Mother, what is the coffee-pot for?" said a child of three years, at the breakfast table.

"It is to put the coffee in," said the mother.

"And why do you put the coffee in the coffee-pot?"

"Because it is more convenient to pour it out."

"And what," said the child, hesitating and looking around the table to find some new question, "and what—are the cups for?"

"They are to drink from."

"And why do you drink out of the cups?"

In this manner the child, during the whole time allotted for the breakfast, incessantly asked his questions. The mother as continually answered them. She had adopted the principle, that her child must always be encouraged in asking questions. And by blindly and thoughtlessly following out this principle, she was puffing up his heart with vanity, and making him a most unendurable talker. The common sense principle, to guide us upon this subject, is obvious. If the motive be good, and the occasion suitable, let the child be encouraged in his inquiries. If otherwise, let him be discouraged. A child is sitting at the breakfast table with his father and mother. The mother lifts the top of the coffee-pot, and the child observes the contents violently boiling.

"Mother," says the little boy, "what makes the coffee bubble up so?"

Here the motive is good, and the occasion is proper. And one of the parents explains to the child the chemical process which we call the boiling. The parents have reason to be gratified at the observation of the child, and the explanation communicates to him valuable knowledge. But perhaps a stranger is present, with whom the father is engaged in interesting conversation. Under these circumstances, the child asks the same question. It is, however, now unseasonable. He ought to be silent when company is present. The Mother accordingly replies, "My son, you should not interrupt your father. You must be perfectly silent, and listen to what he is saying."

She does not, however, forget the question, but embraces some opportunity of again alluding to it. She gives him an answer, and shows him that it is very impolite to interrupt the conversation of others, or to engross attention when company is present. Much pleasure is destroyed, and much improvement prevented, in permitting the conversation of friends to be interrupted by the loquacity of children.

Some parents, to avoid this inconvenience, immediately send their children from the room when visitors arrive. This is treating children with injustice, and the parents must reap the mortifying consequences in their uncultivated manners and uncultivated minds. Hence, in many gentlemen's families, you find awkward and clownish children. If children are banished from pleasing and intelligent society, they must necessarily grow up rude and ignorant. The course to be pursued, therefore, is plain. They should be often present when friends visit you. But they should be taught to conduct properly—to sit in silence and listen. They should not speak unless spoken to. And above all, they should not be thrust forward upon the attention of visitors, to exhibit their attainments, and receive flattery as profusely as your friends may be pleased to deal it out.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

BUDS FROM THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

"WELL, Dobbin, how's our Christmas party coming on?" asked Uncle Robert, as he threw himself into an easy chair, and took Eva on his knee.

She nestled up to him. "Nicely, Uncle Robert. Oh, say, have you ordered the temple, and the cream, and the cakes?"

"What an extravagant little pussy she is;" and Uncle Robert smoothed the bright yellow curls. "I wonder where she thinks the money's to come from, to buy all these things?"

"Now, Uncle Robert, just as if you hadn't money enough to buy all the nice things in the world. There, don't tease me this time, and I'll be good all day."

"Well, then, the temple, and the cream, and cakes, are all ordered, and something else besides."

"Oh! what is it? what is it, Uncle Robert?"

"I can't tell a naughty little girl who pulled her uncle's hair this morning, and then hid his cap under the piano, so that he was half an hour too late for the office."

Eva clapped her hands, and laughed at the remembrance. "Oh, wasn't it fun, Uncle?"

"It might have been fun to you, but it was something else to me," shaking his head with mock gravity.

"I know you weren't displeased—not the least bit in the world."

"How did you know it, Miss Midget?" This was one of the many names which Uncle Robert daily conferred upon his niece.

"Because there is a little wrinkle on that corner of your lip that's always there when you don't want to laugh, and can't help it."

"Why, Mother," the gentleman turned suddenly to his sister-in-law, "what an acute little physiognomist somebody is becoming."

"Do tell me! do tell me!" chimed in the impatient child's voice.

"Well, I will. I stepped into a conservatory down town, and selected you a dozen white rose buds for your hair to-morrow night. The owner had saved them especially for Christmas, so I called them '*Buds from the Christmas Boughs*.'"

"Oh, thank you, Uncle; what a beautiful name!"

"Come, children, have done with your nonsense," here interposed Mrs. Aldrich, who had not listened to the conversation, but supposed Uncle

and niece were, as usual, having a playful skirmish of words together.

"Robert, I want you to help me fasten these letters over the mantle."

"I'm at your service, my dear Madam," putting Eva off his lap.

"Ugh! how the wind does blow!" cried the child, as a sharp blast struck against the window.

"Yes; and there was every promise of a dense snow storm when I came in," added her uncle.

"Snow! it doesn't snow!" exclaimed Mrs. Aldrich, as she glanced at the window, while she tied the loosened cord of her dressing gown.

"Why, Mary, where have your eyes been this morning? It's been snowing for the last hour," replied her brother-in-law.

"And I let that poor woman go off without her money; I presume she must have needed it, for now I remember, Mrs. Allan, our dress maker, told me she applied to her for work, and was very poor."

"Oh, Mary, how *could* you let her go unpaid? She may be in actual want."

"I'm very sorry, but the truth is, I was so deeply occupied then, that it seemed as though I couldn't leave to search for my purse. She shall have an extra dollar for her trouble, though, when she comes to-night."

"She deserves several of them, if she battles her way through such a storm," said the kind-hearted gentleman, as he mounted the chair. "Come, Mary, hand me the hammer, please."

"Won't you eat the piece of bread, now, little sister?" and the speaker held out a dry, half-mouldy crust to the child, who sat on a low stool by the fire-place, in which a couple of small sticks were slowly crumbling to ashes.

The back chamber of the old house in which these words were spoken, was miserably, miserably destitute. I need not paint for you the bed in one corner, the few chairs, and the pine table, that composed its principal furniture.

On the bed lay a woman, with a face so pale and haggard, you would have shuddered to behold it, and the two delicate-looking children by that smouldering fire would have touched the heart of a stone. They were not the kind of children one

usually finds in such places; there was a delicacy in the small pinched features, a shrinking sensitiveness in the large, mournful, blue eyes, and a refinement of movement and manner which indicated at once they were not born amid scenes like these.

The older girl was seven, the younger four, though one would hardly have supposed it, as they sat there shivering in their faded calico dresses, and thin shoes.

"No; sissy can't eat the bread," lisped the mournful voice of the little one, and she turned her head away from the crust, whose very sight sickened her. "Mamma said she'd get sissy a nice cake with some plums in it," and then the overburdened heart gave way, and the sobs broke over the child's lips, and the tears over the pale cheeks.

"Don't cry, little sister," said the older girl, and she stroked the child's hair. But there was something in her throat, too, and she did not know that the tears were chasing down her face.

"I can't help it, Fannie; it's so hard to be hungry, so hard to be cold."

"I know it is, Tinie; but you know Mother said when she woke up, she'd go for the two dollars the lady owes her, and two dollars, you know'll buy almost everything in the world."

"Will it, Fannie?"

"Oh, I guess it will; such lots of things; ever so many cakes, and a basket of coals, and candles, and tea. Mother said, you know, we should have all these things for Christmas, and that's to-morrow. Oh, I remember a Christmas, a great while ago, when I wasn't higher than the table."

"Do you? tell me about it," asked Tinie, interested for a moment.

"It was before I ever saw you, little sister; and when I went to bed at night, I hung up my stocking on one of the legs of the wash-stand. In the morning, just as soon as I woke up, I jumped right out of bed, and I found, inside the stocking, the prettiest doll, with a pink satin dress, and the bluest eyes, and the reddest lips; and when I pulled it out, I heard a great laugh, and there stood Papa by the door, and he caught me in his arms, and danced me, and Dolly up to the wall. Little sister, you can't remember Papa?"

"No; I wish he'd stayed here, and taken care of us, instead of going to Heaven, if it is such a beautiful place as Mamma says it is."

"We shouldn't have been in this place if he'd have lived," and Fannie looked sadly round the wretched room. "But you know, Tinie, we shall go to him, in Heaven, some time."

"I know, too, what I shall say as soon as I get there," says Tinie, her face flushing with the earnestness of fixed resolution, as she said it to her sister.

"What will you say, Tinie?"

"I shall go right straight up to God, (you know He is in Heaven) and say: 'Please, God, give Mamma, and Fannie, and little Sissy, a big piece of cake, and a great warm fire, 'cause we're so cold,

and so hungry.' Don't you think he will, when I ask Him?"

"Oh, yes. He'll give it to us without asking, then, dear sister."

"But He's so far off, it don't seem as if He could hear, if we call ever so loud, now, Fannie."

"Yes, He can; God is everywhere," answered the child, solemnly.

"Daughter," the voice came faint and gasping from the bed, "bring me my bonnet and my shawl," and that white haggard face was lifted from the pillow.

The girl was at the bedside in a moment. "Oh, Mamma, it snows, and the wind blows so hard, you won't go out to-night?"

The mother bent a strange, wild look upon her child. "Yes, I *must* go," she said, in a rapid manner. "We shall all starve. It don't matter for me, but my children, my children!" and she laughed such a loud, wild laugh, that the blood seemed to grow cold around Fannie's heart, though she hastened to get the shawl and bonnet. Her mother put them on with trembling hands, and then she dragged herself from the bed.

"Mamma, you'll kiss sissy before you go, and bring her the plum cake when you come back, won't you?"

The mother turned back with that same wild, strange look. She drew the child up to her heart with such a grasp that the little one fairly screamed for terror. Then, without speaking, she kissed both her children, and went out just as the early night was falling over the earth, to battle her way through the wind and the snow.

"It is very strange, I never saw mother look and act so," said Fannie, gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

And so the two children sat there, as the night gathered round them, and watched the falling fire, and listened to the plunges of the wind outside, and none but God and the angels saw their tears as they fell fast through the darkness.

"Well, Father, I am glad to see you at last. There, we've waited supper for nearly an hour, and I began to fear something terrible had happened. What in the world has kept you?" said Mrs. Aldrich, as her husband entered the sitting-room, where all his family were assembled.

"Yes, Ed, give an account of yourself, sir. You've brought us nearly to a state of starvation," laughed his brother, as he folded up the evening paper.

"Well, the truth is, as our omnibus was turning a corner, I saw a crowd collected on it, and that several men were carrying a woman into a druggist's store. I heard, too, the cry, 'She's dead! she's dying!' from half a dozen voices. The driver paused a moment, and something impelled me to alight and enter the store. They had carried the woman to the back part, and laid her on a

lounge. As soon as I glanced at her face, I knew the restoratives they were applying would be utterly useless, for it wore the sign that death only can make.

"Still, worn and haggard as the face was, it was delicate and refined, and must once have been very fair. Somehow, my heart ached looking at it, and reading something of its story of suffering.

"Suddenly the woman lifted her head, and glanced wildly around her. Then the truth seemed to flash across her mind. 'My children! my children! Oh, God, take care of my children!' she cried, in a voice I shall never forget; then her head sank back, and her soul went out with that prayer."

"Dear me, how dreadful!" Mrs. Aldrich shuddered, and looked at Frederic and Evelyn.

"Couldn't you learn anything further about her?" asked Robert.

"No. Nobody knew the woman. She had fallen by the drug store, and her clothing, though neat, indicated the extreme of poverty. I presume the decision to-morrow will be, that she died of want and exposure, but there was probably some disease of the heart, which these no doubt accelerated. Poor woman!"

"But the children, who knows but what they may be waiting for their mother to come home to them now?" cried Eva, who listened with deep interest to their father's recital.

"That's what I thought of, daughter, as I came home."

"Well, we can only pray the prayer of the mother, 'God take care of the children,'" said Uncle Robert, as he rose up and led the way to the dining-room; but, though it was Christmas Eve, the faces of the family wore a strangely sober look, as they followed him out to supper.

"Going to have a heavy storm, Ed?" asked Uncle Robert, as he passed the biscuit.

"Every prospect of it; the snow's half a foot deep now."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Aldrich, as she poured the cream into her husband's cup; "I do wish I had paid that woman this morning. Of course she won't venture out in such a storm."

"What woman, Mother," asked Mr. Aldrich.

"I'm sure I don't know her name, for I never saw her; but Mrs. Allan said she applied to her for some work, and she felt confident, from her manner, that she told a true story, and was in need, so I left Jane to give her Emma's skirt to make, the other day when I went out."

"Well, you had better inquire into her case to-morrow. A little more of that jelly, if you please, Mother."

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at last.

TAKE CARE OF THE PRESENT.

Take care of the present, boys, and the future will take care of itself. Children are great dreamers, and they often dream of the future, and of the pleasant things it will bring them. Many a time, when a boy, have I sat dreaming over my books, of all the grand things I would do when I should become a man; of the money I would get, the beautiful house I would build, the travels I would make, and the many kind, and brave, and great things I would do to win fame and power in the world. But, alas, my dreams were only dreams, and now, as a man, I know that it is not the dreams but the deeds of childhood that make up our manhood. Take care of the present. Do patiently and well whatever you have to do. Learn each day's lessons thoroughly. Take care to be honest and kind. Speak the truth and be industrious. You need not fear that no one will know your good deeds. Every boy is watched by the men in his neighborhood, and they often speak of the boys and of their good or bad qualities. Many a boy has lost a fine chance in life just because the men that knew him saw that he was not industrious and truthful, and so they did not speak well of him or help him.

Never mind the future. Take care of the present. Begin as boys to be just what you would like to be in manhood. The noble, truthful, generous, intelligent boy will be a man of like stamp.

THE RAIN CONCERT.

Millions of tiny rain drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the housetops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble
They play upon the stream,
And the melody enchants us
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding
When they're dropping into caves;
With a tenor from the sphyrs,
And an alto from the waves.

Oh, 'tis a stream of music,
And Robin "don't intrude,"
If, when the rain is weary,
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling
Of the birds in all the bowers,
Had been gathered into rain drops,
And was coming down in showers.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A HINT FOR CLEAR-STARCHING.—Collars, sleeves or handkerchiefs of very fine muslin or lace, will not bear much squeezing or rubbing when washed. They can be made perfectly white and clean without either, by the following process: Rinse them carefully through clear water, then soap them well with white soap; place flat in a dish or sauce, and cover with water; place them in the sun. Let them remain two or three days, changing the water frequently, and turning them. Once every day take them out, rinse carefully, soap, and place in fresh water. The operation is a tedious, and rather troublesome one, but the finest embroidery or lace comes out perfectly white, and is not worn at all, where, in common washing, it would be very apt to tear. When they are white, rinse and starch in the usual way.

THREE GOOD WAYS OF MAKING CHEAP POMATUM.—First: Half an ounce of white wax; half an ounce of spermaceti; eight ounces of olive oil; dissolve in a basin set in hot water before the fire; add perfume just before pouring into bottles.

Second: A quarter of a pound of hog's lard, and three quarters of a tumbler full of olive oil; a dessert spoonful of eau de Cologne, and a little gum. Warm the lard and oil, till the lard melts, and then stir in the other ingredients. Cool before using.

Third: Half a pint of olive oil; half an ounce of yellow beeswax; half an ounce of spermaceti, and some perfume. Cut the wax and sperm small, and melt in the oil. Then add the perfume.

DISTILLED CHICKEN.—This, in a sick room, is a most useful receipt, when it is necessary to give support in a concentrated form. We can recommend it as the greatest restorative we have met with, a single teaspoonful affording sufficient nourishment for any sick person at one time.

Cut up a good chicken into pieces, and put it into a wide-mouthed glass jar or bottle, cover it with a bladder, in which holes must be pricked; a small quantity of salt may be sprinkled over the fowl. Place the bottle on a warm hearth, and as the liquor distilled from the meat, rises, pour it off. It is at once pleasant to the taste, and highly nutritious.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM MAHOGANY.—A little salts of lemon should be rubbed over the place, and then rubbed off with a cloth dipped in hot water. This is less likely to leave a white mark, than the application of solution of vitriol, but should not be allowed to remain long on the wood.

RECIPT FOR SOFT CORNS.—We give the following receipt for all who are afflicted with those painful things, soft corns. Soak the feet well in hot water before going to bed, then pare down the corn, and after having just moistened it, rub a little lunar caustic on the corn, and just round the edge, till it turns light grey. By the next morning it will be black, and when the burnt skin peels off, it will leave no vestige of the corn underneath. The corn is liable to return, but not for some length of time, and it may be removed in the same manner.

Another good way is to scrape a piece of common chalk, and put a pinch of the powder on the corn at night, binding it with a linen rag. Repeat this for a few days, when the corn will come off in little scales.

TO REVIVE BLACK LACE.—Strain off some tea from the leaves, after it has steeped, as for drinking. Put the lace into a deep bowl, and cover it with the tea; let it stand for some hours, then squeeze, not rub, it several times, dipping it frequently into the tea, till the latter becomes very dirty-looking. Have ready some weak gum water, and press the lace through it; then clap it for a quarter of an hour, after which, pin it out on a towel, in the shape you wish it to take, and when nearly dry, cover it with another towel, and iron with a cool iron. If the lace is in good condition, or only rusty, it will look, after this process, as good as new.

A REMEDY FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.—The following way may be worth trying. "Tie a handkerchief over the head at night on going to bed, taking care to cover the ears, and an incipient cold will be gone in the morning. The first symptoms of a cold should never be neglected, as the simplest remedies have effect then, which prove useless afterwards. If a cold has gained some headway, avoid liquids for twenty-four hours, and it will disappear."

STAIR CARPET.—In putting down stair carpets, if folded newspapers are placed so as to cover the edges of the stairs, before the carpet is laid, and it is then fastened down over them, the carpet will wear one-third longer than if put down on the bare floor.

TO CLEAN GOLD.—Wash the article in warm suds of white Castile soap, and water, with a few drops of spirits of hartshorne. To a pint of suds, put fifteen drops of hartshorne. Too much of it will make the gold brittle.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MODERN COOK: A practical guide to the culinary art in all its branches; comprising in addition to English Cookery, the most approved and recherche systems of French, Italian, and German Cookery; as adapted as well for the largest establishments, as for the use of private families. By Charles Elme Francatelli, pupil to the celebrated Careme, and late Maitre d' Hotel, and Chief Cook to her Majesty the Queen of England. With sixty-two Illustrations of various dishes. Reprinted from the Ninth London Edition, carefully Revised and considerably Enlarged. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

We give the full title of this large volume, from which our readers can gather its scope and value. As a guide to hotel caterers, and to getters-up of public dinners and suppers, it must prove invaluable. Most of the dishes have French names, and in the terms used, the French predominates; but the book has an ample glossary. It has been said that the English and Americans know how to fry, broil, roast, and bake—only a Frenchman can cook. And there is nearly as much truth as satire in the saying. "Francatelli's Modern Cook," cannot fail to help our American housewives to many valuable hints in the culinary art.

The volume contains a series of Bills of Fare for every month throughout the year, adapted to a varied number of guests, from six persons, upwards. This is a desirable feature, and will prove acceptable to families who entertain much company.

THE BANKS OF NEW YORK—Their Dealers—The Clearing House, and the Panic of 1857, with a Financial Chart. By J. S. Gibbons. Thirty Illustrations by Herrick. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Mr. Gibbons, not having the fear of being thrown out on discount day before his eyes, has opened wide the doors of Directors', Presidents', and Cashiers' rooms, and shown us those distinguished gentlemen in their working gear. The closer view we get, rather diminishes our reverence; and the machinery exhibited, affords the uninitiated some clearer ideas of the modes and forms pursued in banking. The book is one that every merchant, manufacturer, or man of business who has dealings with our monied institutions, should by all means read. Its humor, and skillful hits at character, are not among its least attractions. The author has a fine eye for the ludicrous and the dramatic.

CHARLES ANCHESTER. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

A singular book—singular for its tropical richness and beauty of imagery, and for the love of music with which the soul of the author is filled, ravished.

Surely music had never before such an interpreter, and those who love it must love also this book for its sake.

HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND—Vol. III. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

The appearance of a volume from Prescott is always an "event" in the literary world. His graceful and fascinating style; his pains-taking, research, and great reliability, give his works a passport to immediate favor. How singularly, in their lucid diction and orderly progress, do they contrast with the histories of Carlyle, whose recent volumes on Frederick the Great suggest the comparison. In this volume Mr. Prescott introduces the Moors of Spain, and dwells largely on that highly interesting period, closing with several chapters on the domestic affairs of the Peninsula. The period embraced is from A. D. 1566 to 1574. The pictures are vivid, the incidents are true to history, and to the sanguinary and bigoted annals of the day. In every case the story is told in the author's own beautiful style, and the reader finds himself drawn on, from page to page, and from chapter to chapter, with the charm almost of the romancer instead of the sober historian. No American library can be regarded as complete without the works of Prescott.

ARABIAN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Translated from the German, by Herbert Pelham Curtis. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

That fascinating series of tales of the Oriental School, "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," has here a rival from the German mind; and as the stories come down nearer to our time, and blend the enchantments of romance with incidents that have in them more of the real, we think the new "Entertainments" will have something of the popularity of the old. But the young people will decide this. If they have power to charm the fancy, and enchain the interest, they will live. The volume is certainly a handsome one, and handsomely illustrated.

CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The French Revolution is an epoch with which all readers should be familiar, and no book we have met with furnishes such a history of that social and political earthquake, as does this one of Carlyle's. The sad, touching pictures, born of those fearful days, are drawn with a masterly hand. The style is, of course, the peculiar one of its author; but so is the wondrous insight, the love for truth, the pity and reverence for humanity, which makes this book a real treasure to the owner.

NIGHT CAPS. By the author of "Aunt Fanny's Christmas Stories." N. York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

A book of pleasant stories for the little ones; and one, besides, in which older readers will find amusement and instruction.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1859.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

COLORÉD PLATE.—The figures illustrate two of the three prevailing styles of skirt. The double skirt on the left figure is now at the zenith of its glory, and any change will be retrogressive. Flounces are now assuming a decided type of style in ladies' dress, and they are either two deep ones, covering the skirt from the hips to the carpet, and either made with ornamental edges of ribbons, *guipure*, embroidery, or they are *decoupees*, or pinked in long melon points. The other style of flounced skirt is like the one represented by the figure on the right. The third style of skirt is plain. It is made of lustrous Lyons silk, enlivened by silver-colored satin spots, from the size of a dime to a half dollar. This is the most choice style of silk, and it will be much sought for during the next season. *Crinolines* are diminishing in size, and none but those of real hair-cloth are considered *au fait*. Bonnets are sensibly enlarging and coming forward.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—Robe of violet *taffetas*, in two skirts, ornamented with three rows of lace *entre-deux*. High body, with a waistband of the same material as the dress, edged with narrow *entre-deux* of black lace. Sleeve in keeping with the skirt, but with a jockey of black lace. Ornamental shoulder-straps of lace *entre-deux*. Hat of white crape, trimmed with blonde, and roses with foliage in natural colors, and *barbs* of lace fall from each ear without tying, and the strings are of white *taffetas*. Sleevelets of point *a l'aiguille*; collar of the same. Gloves of straw-colored kid. Lace-boots of black satin.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Bonnnet of *mauve-colored* silk—a slight relief from the shade of the dress. The trimmings are of sky-blue ribbons, with gimp and tassels for the outside; and underneath the brim the ruches of blonde are enlivened with small flowers of scarlet velvet and imitation jonquilles. Jonquille colors are the latest, rarest, and most select in present use for trimmings. The shape of the bonnet is of the *Marie Stuart* genre, approaching near the forehead in front, and (*evance*) sprung out at the sides, the ears being long and edged with lace, very narrowly. The *brides* or strings are of blue and white diagonal striped *taffetas*.

Shawl-mantilla, edged with pine-apple pointed lace, gimp, and *guipure*, in the most sumptuous style, and lined throughout with plain black silk.

Dress of *mauve-colored* figured silk, cut in the high-body form, and pointed in front. The points

running into a very narrow basque at the sides and across the back. This is the latest style of cut. The skirt is ornamented with four flounces, edged with satin ribbon to match. Sleeves in the *pagoda* shape, trimmed to correspond with the skirt, and a jockey at the head trimmed in keeping. The front of the body is closed with buttons and holes. Gloves of russet kid, and boots of black lasting or brown satin.

Mantles, mantillas, and casaques, with the bur-nous as last reported, are the style of over-dress. With the casaque, there is a sable cape and cuffs, with a small sable muff, worn. Our ladies frequently wear calf-skin boots—cut like those for gentlemen—for wear on promenades, when the weather is inclement or the walks damp. Brooches of cameo ornament, in a peculiar style of finish, are much worn; but bracelets are generally confined to the simple gold ring. Pendants are small and rich. The oval set ring is still the favorite shape. The hair is still dressed very low on the neck, with a simple *cache-peigne* wreath. The style of cut for full toilet robes is still *decollete*, but not so far off the shoulders as was the style a year ago; and the very wide berth of numerous folds and narrow falls of lace gives it the pointed *fichu* shape in front; the cut at the waist is in very long points at front, and the point on the back not so long. Bodies worn square, and with wide waist ribbons, and long flowing ends, are quite fashionable for demoiselles. *Mace-colored* silk, either plain or enlivened with white satin medalion spots is very fashionable. The last style of dress silks imported by Alex. Stewart & Co., is the two flounced silk robes before described.

Cashmerets and ottoman cloths are the latest styles of goods for promenade. They are of silk and wool, and generally plaided in the gayest tartan combination of colors. The skirts are made plain, and the pointed body in front resolves in a narrow basque, very coquettishly piquant.

DRESS CAPS.

No. 1.—Two broad rows of *guipure*, falling very low over the back of the neck, are attached to a small caul of white tulle, fancifully figured with green chenille and ribbon. The front of the cap consists of a border of *guipure*, with ox-eyed daisies placed at intervals. Long lappets, formed of green ribbon and *guipure*.

No. 2.—This illustration represents the Oriental

cap, which is quite a novelty, and greatly admired. A deep fall of tulle, edged with blonde, forming a sort of voilette, shades the back of the neck. The other part of the cap is composed of rows of lace, and bows with long ends of blue sarcenet ribbon.

No. 3.—The crown is round, and finished by two rows of rich pointed blonde, and is ornamented at the back with an upright leaf of rich plaided ribbon, finished with a succession of loops on each side; innumerable streamers of the same rich ribbon fall over the neck and shoulders. One row of the blonde finishes the front of the crown, and is lost among the side trimmings, which are formed of loops of the same costly plaid ribbon.

No. 4.—Is composed of three rows of very rich pointed blonde, overlapping each other, and extending over the head in a slight point. Two rows of blonde form a curtain, which falls upon the neck with mist-like lightness. Above these falls of lace is a bow and streamers of delicate lilac and green gauze, with an open floss edge. The sides are ornamented with full clusters of wild roses, mingled with green leaves, lilies of the valley, and green crape wheat ears. This trimming of flowers continues around the cap behind, mingling with the streamers of gauze. Altogether it has a look of great richness, mingled with simplicity of design.

No. 5.—The crown is formed of rows of Valenciennes insertion, divided by narrow strips of black velvet. It is gathered in at the neck with slight fullness, and surrounded by an edging of Valenciennes lace, headed with a puffing of blue taffetas ribbon, which terminates behind in a bow and ends; another border surrounds the head, gathering in rich fullness as it falls back of the ears, headed with a quilling of ribbon, forming a double border behind; knots of the ribbon separate the two borders on each side, and flow downwards in streamers.

NEEDLE-BOOK.

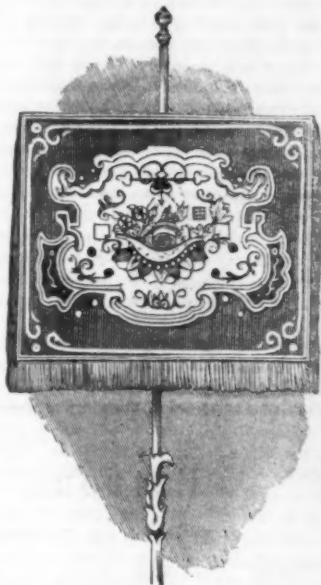
This little article is simple and useful, and makes a pretty present without any great expenditure of time. It may be made of velvet, cloth, or silk, the first of these being very much the most handsome. The color is quite optional, but scarlet brings out the ornamental part the most effectually. The bead-work is in white, crystal, and gold. The shape of the Needle-book is to be cut in cardboard, according to our design. The two sides are in one piece, being only folded at the back. The central ornament must first be worked in. The chain work which forms the border should be strung before it is fastened down. When the cover has been well stretched over the cardboard shape, and the lining put in, being neatly sewn all round the edge, a little loop of small gold beads is to be added, taking care that these do not project too much. A few leaves of fine cloth or cashmere are to be fastened inside with a ribbon, which passes through and comes out with a bow in the centre of the

back. Ribbon strings to match complete the Needle-book.

POLE-SCREEN, IN GERMAN EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—Silk canvas, or perforated cardboard, 16 inches by 12. Beads, gold steel, blue steel, black, white, opal, and grey-blue, (3 shades,) green (2 shades.) Gamboge, yellow, shades of green and scarlet wool, and shades of lilac and crimson chenille, and 12 graduated pearls.

The design here represented consists of an elegant basket of flowers, suspended, as it were, by a double-headed arrow, in a rich scroll frame.



These flowers are done entirely in chenille, and the foliage in wool, worked in tent-stitch. The basket is outlined with gold beads, filled in with the shades of blue and the white. The pearls will be observed in the engraving forming the lower part of the basket, and beneath them are seen leaves alternately dark and light. The dark ones are worked in shades of red wool; the light in the green beads, intermixed with gold. Beneath these, again, are scrolls formed of white, opal, grey, black, and steel.

The arrows and cord suspending the basket are done in gold beads, and the arrow heads in shades of blue. The entire framework of the scrolls surrounding the basket is in gold beads, the spaces between the outlines being filled with scarlet chenille, green wool, white, opal, black, steel, and gold beads.



FIRE SCREEN, OF PHEASANTS' WINGS.

Fire screens composed of the wings of pheasants

or other game, are both pretty and useful, and when hung at the fireside, below the bell pull, form a nice addition to the decorations of a drawing-room. The wings must be cut off when the bird is fresh killed, and as near the body as possible; being careful not to ruffle the feathers. When cut off, the wing stretched out has this appearance :



Place the inner edges together, and sew them up till near the top feathers, thus : when sewed, lay



the screen on a table right side downwards, and having placed a double paper over the sewing, press it with a hot iron. When that side is done, turn the screen, and place a weight on the right side, to give it a flat back; it is then fit to attach to the handle, a gilt one looks best; form rosettes of the large scarlet chenille, and sew one on each side, so as to cover where the handle joins; a pair of scarlet chenille tassels and silk cord are required, as seen in design; the screen is hung by the loop of cord.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

EVERYBODY LIKES HER.

"Oh, you will see Miss West at the party to-night, and I know you'll be quite charmed with her," said the lively little lady.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, because everybody loves her—everybody in the world!"

We didn't say so at the time, but really we regarded this as by no means the highest recommendation which could have been bestowed on the lady.

That evening we met Miss West, and certainly we couldn't help being attracted by her. Her sweet, sparkling face, the rare grace of her manners, the charm of her silvery voice, all explained the mystery of her social magnetism.

Then she had bright smiles, and cordial words, and kindly recognitions for everybody; and we said to ourselves that all this was the outflow of a generous, loving heart, that, after all, a woman might be sincere, genuine, true to herself, and yet please everybody.

"Don't you think, Miss West, it's quite ridiculous for any one to fancy there's the slightest harm in dancing?" asked a gay, elegantly-dressed young lady, who stood near us.

"Oh, perfectly so! It's such an innocent, graceful recreation that I have no patience with any one who finds fault with it," and she passed on.

Half an hour later we were thrown into Miss West's vicinity again.

"Oh, dear!" sighed a gentle, matronly-faced lady near us, "they are getting up sets for dancing; and I am sorry for it. Maybe my notions are rather old-fashioned; but it does seem to me such a frivolous, unprofitable way of passing one's time?"

"You are certainly right, Mrs. Bliss," was the earnest response. "I think it the most tiresome, insipid of amusements, and indulgence in it a great waste —"

Here the quick music struck up, and drowned Miss West's voice; and so she passed on. She

had won the favor of both ladies. But just think at what a cost—at what a sacrifice!

What was the favor of those two women—mortals like herself—in comparison with the loss of her own truthfulness, and sincerity, and dignity of character?

We have seen this love of approbation, this desire to please everybody, take possession of many persons' characters, most amiable and lovely, but we never saw one of these, whose moral dignity, and strength, and genuineness was not weakened, poisoned by it.

And, then, it is such an insidious disease; apt to assail the sweetest and gentlest characters; but woe! woe! unto that man and woman whose aim in life is to have "everybody like them!"

Have the Priests and Prophets, the men and women, Heroes of the world, been of this kind? Was there ever any Good wrought, any Truth spoken, any Right achieved, that was not evil spoken of—that had not to make its way to man's recognition and reverence, through discord, and slander, and foul falsehood—happy if not through imprisonment, and bloodshed, and carnage!

Ah! the world has never fancied its deliverers, from Moses to Milton, and you, reader, do not this hour enjoy a single social, civil, or religious Right which was not wrought out for you by men whom very few people of their day and generation "liked!"

"Everybody likes her." Be sure, my dear young lady, if you earn this compliment, you will have to pay dear enough for it. Gentle, interesting, amiable as you may seem, and really be, you will surely be reduced to all sorts of miserable expedients and petty falsehoods, to retain this Good Will of all mankind; for how can you live an honest, straightforward, true life, without coming in contact with the angles and selfishnesses of other people's natures?

And to all these your lips must be sealed, for fear you should "offend."

And agreeing with everybody, reflecting all manner of opinions and sentiments, does so sap one's moral constitution, weakening slow, but certain, as the wash of the wave against the rocks, or the gnawing of a worm at the roots of trees, one's spiritual nerve and fibre, making him or her that weakest, mournfullest of all mortal beings, a *moral coward*!

As if our souls did not need bracing on all sides; as if by nature and habit, we were not weak enough; as if life must not be, to "the best and strongest of us, a constant watchfulness," and discipline!

And you who strive so hard for human favor, be sure it will be ashes and bitterness at the last; and you who desire to go through life, as the noblest and the holiest have never gone, without one breath of scandal ever blurring the brightness of your way, or one word of injustice or detraction ever wounding your soul, God will teach you "that the fear of man bringeth a snare."

It's pleasant to be loved and admired, we all know, but which is better, the approval of one's own conscience, the knowledge that we have preserved our own integrity, our own sense of Right, or to barter these for the approbation of a world?

Herein don't mistake us, reader. We are always repelled by very abrupt, outspoken people, and we know how apt this style of person is to fall into disregard of other's feelings, if not into absolute rudeness. Now this is never excusable. Gentle manners and courtesy of bearing we owe to all, and kind words, and tender regard for other's feeling, peculiarities, sentiments, are what always distinguishes the true gentleman or lady!

But, reader, beware; look deep into your own heart; study well your motives, your aims, your life, when you shall hear it said of you, "*Everybody likes her!*"

V. F. T.

It is something in this day and generation of books to know what to read—to be able to discriminate the true grain that nourishes from the chaff in which it is buried.

We have come across one of these books lately, a strong, fibrous book, meat and drink to the soul. No person can bring a thoughtful, earnest mind to its perusal, without becoming stronger, better for it. The name of this book is SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES. And the author is *Charles Kingsley*. We love to praise this man's works because we owe much to them.

"That would be a strange book which did not contain one lie," said Napoleon; and there may be errors of opinion or judgment in this one, but there is deep research, and grand sentiment, and a reverence for all that was honest and true, in the old, struggling, but manful days of our fathers.

Charles Kingsley has, what so few men have, a spirit of earnest inquiry, and charity, and reverence for the Past; and he throws the interest of his warm, glowing heart about the Elizabethan era, and his views of the men and the deeds of this time, are worthy earnest consideration; but, reader, get the book, and you shall see for yourself.

V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUTH A. L.—We have sent your poem to Mr. Arthur, as he is the one to whom all communications of this kind must be addressed.

A. P. D.—We seldom have the pleasure of receiving such a letter as yours, and we do not often say as we do now, we thank you for it. Certainly you may write to us whenever you like, and give us as many more pictures as you please of the "Hermitage nestled down in the oak grass," and of the dear old mother who dwells there, to whom we beg to be remembered.

V. F. T.

SEVERAL book notices prepared for this number are deferred to the next for want of room.

A LEAF FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

WE take the liberty to excerpt the following touching little story from a letter of a subscriber to the Magazine. This simple, pathetic narrative must, it seems to us, strike a key note in many souls, and she who wrote it may know hereby how glad we are to learn that our words were balm and healing to her stricken heart! Truly such knowledge is the writer's great reward!

V. F. T.

I have often longed to write and tell you how I thanked you for your beautiful moral stories. I never read them without having my faith in human nature strengthened, and I always lay them down with a wiser head and a better heart; but much as I longed to thank you and tell how I loved you, I did not, because I knew that letters of this kind were sent to you often, and I would not trouble you with mine. And, dear Virginia! under any other circumstances, I would not trouble you now, but a great sorrow has fallen on my heart, and the first comfort I felt was while reading one of your little stories in our Home Magazine.

I have a happy home, and a kind, loving husband. I had two lovely little girls; the eldest four years, the youngest eighteen months; but death entered our home, and took away my darling baby just as she had learned to lip our names. Oh, what a bitter cup! How I clung to that little form of clay. She was such a lovely child—always smiling in my face; now holding up her mouth to his mamma; now chasing little sister about—the tiny feet were ever running—the sweet, wee mouth was ever laughing. I had nicknamed her my "Sunbeam;" and when I saw her fade and die I thought my cup of woe was running over; and there arose the bitter cry from my heart: "There is no sorrow like mine!" My husband was sitting near me one day, turning the leaves of Arthur's Home Magazine; at length he stopped to read, then he looked up through his tears, and called me to his side, and pointed out your story, "No Sorrow Like Mine!" I read it, and it seemed as though that mother used my own heart's language, in speaking of her lost darling. I read on, and when I came to the last lines I felt so comforted that I could say, "*Father, thy will not mine be done!*" and then, dear friend, there came again from my heart the words: "*God bless you!*"

L. G.

"MOUNT VERNON PAPERS."

The commencement of an original series of papers in the New York Ledger, by Mr. Everett, is one of those events in our periodical history, that cannot fail to have a most important influence on the mind of the country. We need not here repeat the story of Mr. Bonner's arrangement with the distinguished statesman and patriot, whose ornate pen has been added to the attractions of his celebrated weekly. Every man and woman in the

country, who gives heed to passing events, has long since heard that story, and knows that ten thousand dollars were presented to the Mount Vernon Fund, in consideration of a series of articles from the pen of Mr. Everett, to be continued weekly for a year.

We have said that the commencement of this series of papers will have a most important influence on the mind of the country—a good influence we mean. It has been the fashion for certain people, who are in the habit of taking things for granted, to decry the New York Ledger, and class it with papers of a depraving, if not actually demoralizing tendency. This is a mistake. The New York Ledger is superior in its moral tone to most of the popular weeklies of our country; and this feature of moral purity is one professedly regarded as essential by the publisher. The engagement of Mr. Everett to write for the Ledger will give it a higher reputation with the people; and act, also, as a new motive for the publisher to guard with increased jealousy the purity of its columns. Mr. Bonner has pledged himself to the people, on this head; all eyes are upon him; and he will not, we are certain, disappoint the high expectations he has created.

The power for good or evil, possessed by a man in Mr. Bonner's position, is beyond estimation. He claims to have, weekly, a million of readers. There is not one of those readers whose mind is not influenced in some way by what is received from the Ledger. All good men must pray, therefore, that he fail not in integrity of purpose, nor lose sight, for a moment, of his high responsibilities.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

STILL unapproached, as a magazine for ladies, is Mr. Godey's admirably conducted periodical; and judging from all we see and know of the publisher's spirit, enterprise, tact, and resources, it is destined for many years to be unapproachable. All rivalry in this direction seems vain, for Mr. Godey, besides being in love with his work, has over a quarter of a century's experience, and possesses ample means for carrying out any schemes of improvement that taste or judgment may suggest. The opening numbers for 1859, are splendid specimens, and we are not surprised to learn that his subscription list is swelling with unprecedented rapidity.

CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—For \$3.50 we furnish The Home Magazine, and either of the following magazines, one year: Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, or the Atlantic Monthly.

OUR Departments have encroached so much on our Editorial space, that we cannot say one half, in familiar talk with our readers, that we wished to say.



THE ONLY CHILD.

ENGRAVED BY J. T. HALL.



HOME MAGAZINE MARCH 1859.

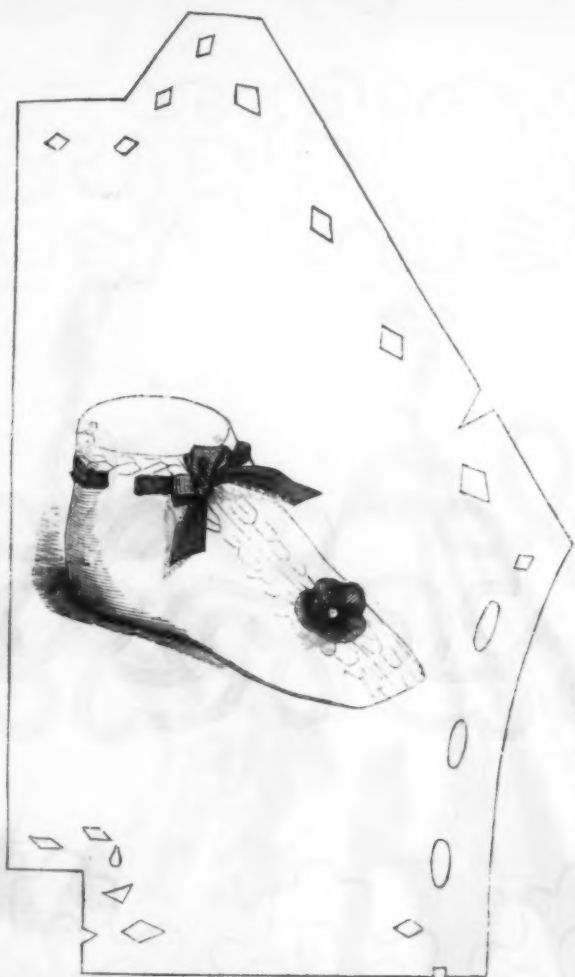


THE ONLY CHILD.

EDWARD A. F. TELL.



HOME MAGAZINE MARCH 1859.

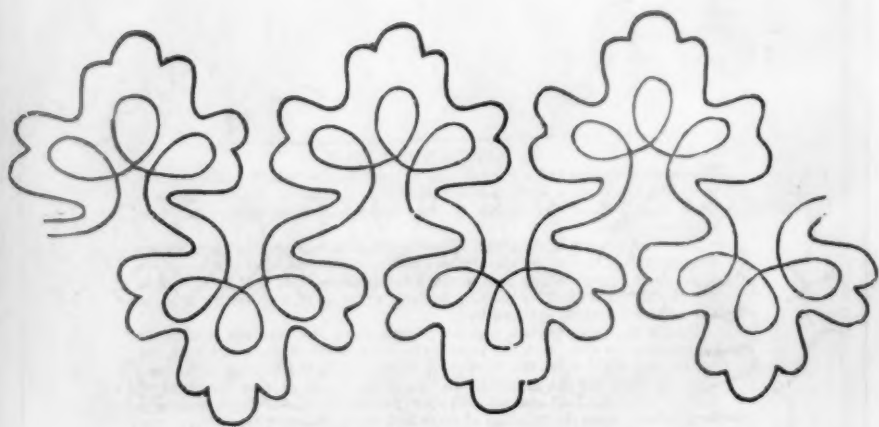
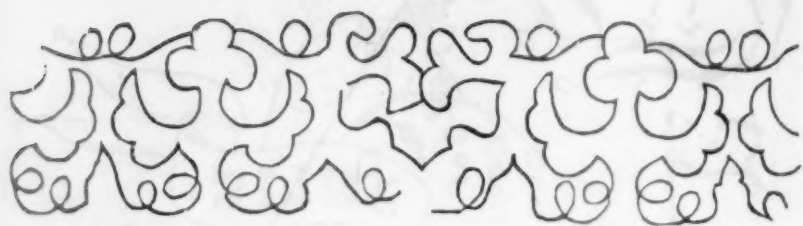


A BABY'S FIRST SHOE.

Materials:—Quarter of a yard of fine Saxony flannel (which will make two pairs and one shoe) a yard of white silk twist, or Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s. Boar's Head Cotton, No. 6. One and a half yards of narrow white sarsenet ribbon.

This shoe is made in one piece. Double some silver paper, and pencil from the engraving, the exact size; afterwards cut out the shape in brown or other stout paper, taking care to mark the turnings. It will be as well to shrink the flannel first by pouring boiling water on it, and letting it stand till cold; afterwards dry and iron.

Double the paper pattern together; press down the turnings, double the flannel lengthways; tack the paper pattern on to the flannel, stitch up the backs, and stitch down the front from the notch in the turning to the toe; open the shoe, cut the flannel to the size of the turnings, and then take off the pattern; the heel and toe will then fit into its place, which must now be stitched; open the turnings of front and back, and tack them down, also the turning round the top and the slit. Then turn the shoe on the right side, work herring-bone chain, or half-chain stitch, as in engraving, round the top and down the front, beginning at the back seam at the top, and work down to the toe. Then fasten off. Begin again at the back, and work down the other side to the toe; or, if herring-bone stitch, it may be worked continuously round, without fastening off. Make 4 eyelet holes on each side to draw in the ribbon. Then trim the shoes.



BRAIDING PATTERNS.



JULIE

May

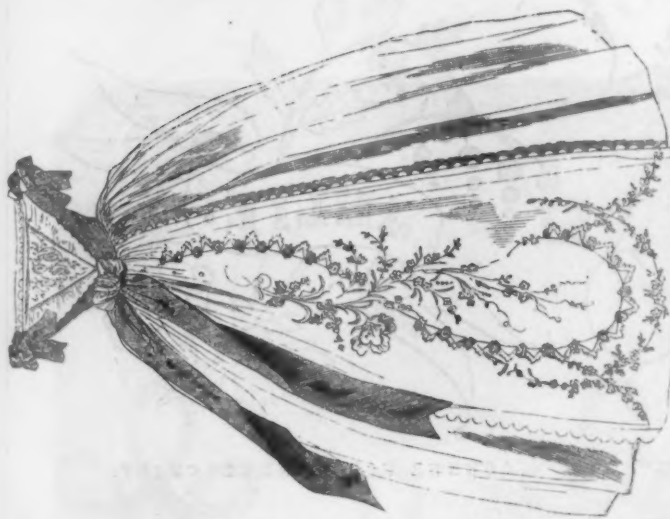
Time



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

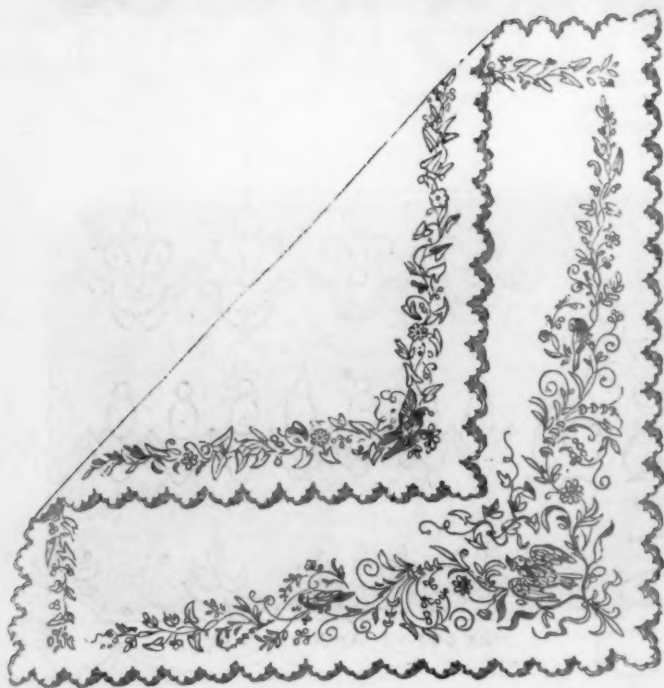


NEEDLEWORK.



INFANT'S ROBE.

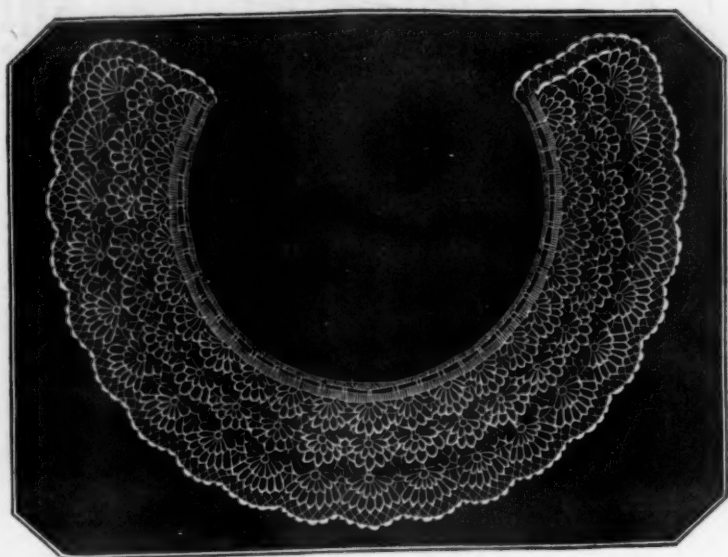
Of very fine white cambric; it has an embroidered front, edged with points that graduate as they approach the waist; a waving vine passes down this trimming, with a close pattern of satin stitch, broken up with eyelets; across this is thrown a bunch of roses, filling up the pattern with beautiful effect. Graduated ruffles of needlework form a heart-shaped waist, which is covered thickly with fine needlework.



INFANT'S BLANKET.

Soft white merino, of the finest quality. The edge is wrought in deep button-hole scallops of white silk; a rich pattern of convolvulus leaves and forget-me-nots, mingled with grape tendrils, encircles the whole garment. The corners are enriched with a profusion of leaves and flowers, with here and there a little bird nesting among the leaves.

which is covered thickly with fine needlework.

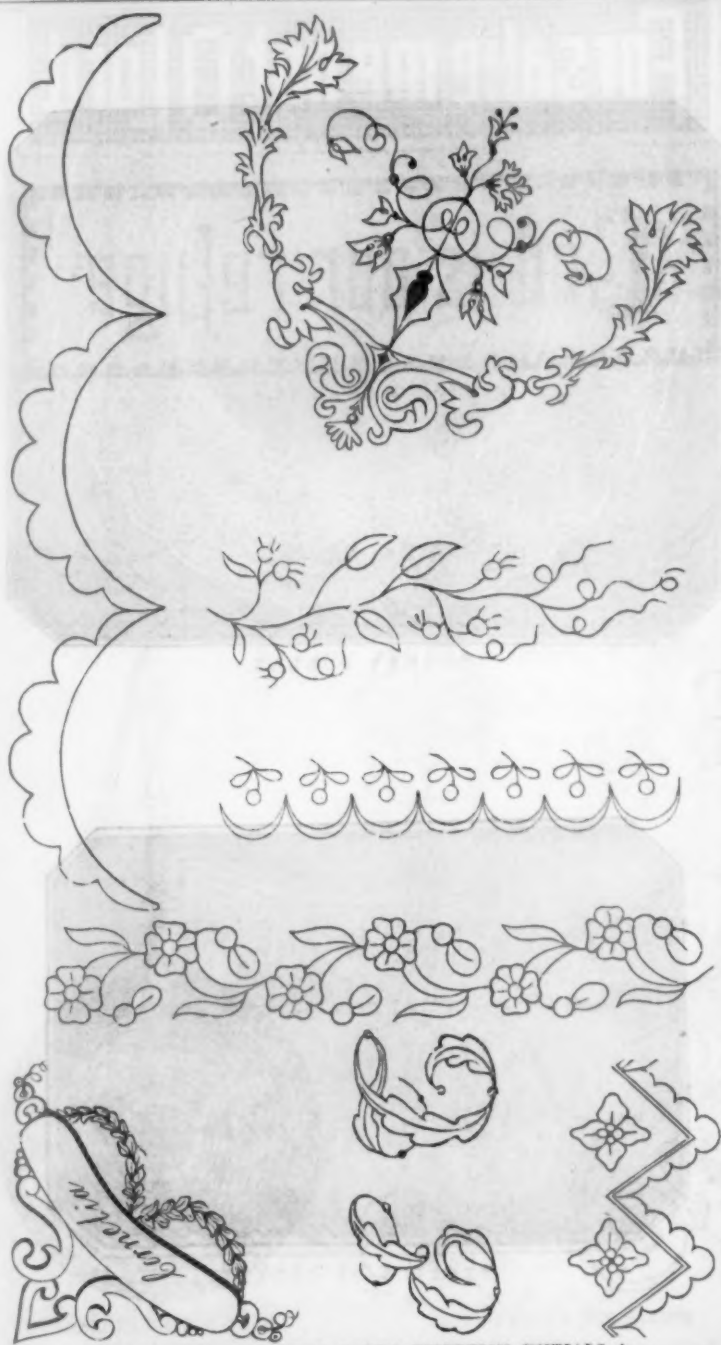


CROCHET COLLAR.



SECTION OF COLLAR.

nestling among the leaves.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS, BANDS, INSERTION, INITIALS, &c.

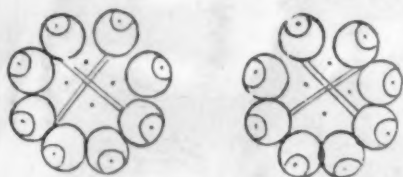
Forsake me not O Lord

God is our refuge

BOOK MARKERS.



BAND.



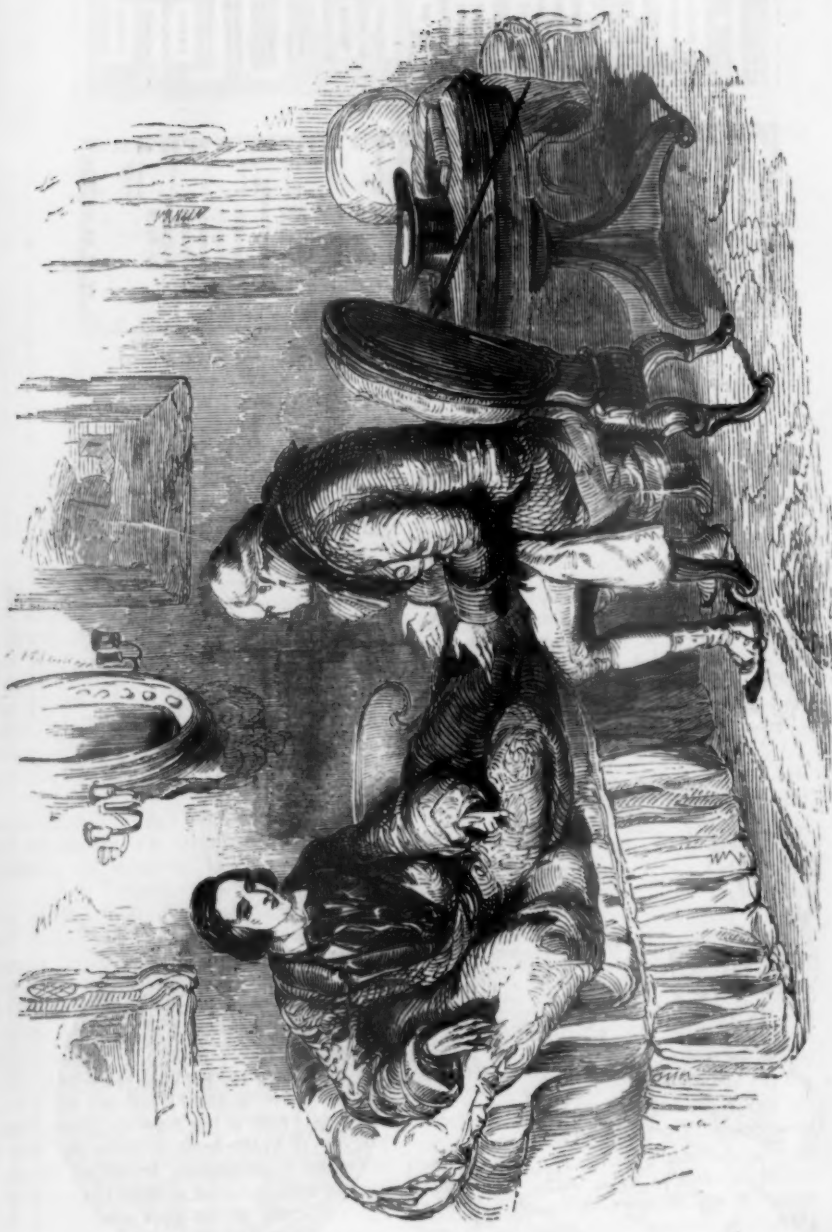
INSERTION.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



HAND SCREEN IN CROCHET.



WILD OATS.